

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE LURE OF LONDON.

"My son, what ails ye, that of late  
Ye hang o'erlong upon the gate?  
Ye will not to your supper come,  
Ye cannot sit with me at home.  
What lass is it with eye so bright  
That keeps you from your mother  
quite?"

"Mother, no lass with eye so bright  
Makes me to linger half the night,  
No maid it is makes me to brood,  
And keeps me from your supper good;  
But, mother, if the truth ye'd know,  
I am right mad from home to go."

"My son, if 'twere a lassie bright  
That keeps ye from me half the night,  
That, soon or late, I must abide,  
Nor e'er her silly rose-cheek chide.  
Yet I had pain to give ye birth,  
And ye'll forget me under earth."

"Mother, I know not how to tell  
What breeds in me this restless hell;  
But this I feel that go I must,  
I tire of this familiar dust.  
Even the nodding flowers I'd leave,  
Though, mother, you I would not  
grieve.

"There is a city far away,  
In midnight I can feel her day,  
Mother, she has no need of sleep,  
She doth not sow, she doth not reap;  
Hardly, I think, she draws the dew,  
But she hath many, we have few.

"When silvery light comes on the  
ground,  
And in the world I hear no sound,  
Still I can hear her silent call,  
To her must go, whate'er befall;  
No more I smell the rainy sod,  
Almost I have forgot my God!"

"If ye must go, then go ye must,  
My boy; but when I'm turned to dust,  
Come back, though many a mile ye  
make,  
And think on how this heart did  
break."

"Mother, yon red flare in the sky!  
There will I go, if there I die!"

*Stephen Phillips.*

*The Academy.*

## A LESSON ON THE FLUTE.

Sweet melody lies hid in flutes  
As statues lurk in blocks of stone,  
The fluteplayer emprisons sounds  
To let one note pass out alone.

The thought should comfort bring to  
those

By fate neglected or downcast  
That by their loss and suffering  
A comrade has to freedom passed.

'Tis not for man to deprecate  
The martyr'd saint or wasted love,  
For notes which are not sounded here  
Will have their utterance above.

If all our fondest hopes be crushed  
If some loved heart hath ceased to  
beat

'Tis God whose finger stops the note  
To make His Overture complete.

*J. J. Freeman.*

## DEAF.

These have I lost:—now cushats only  
call

In long lost groves down vales of  
memory;

And cuckoos sing in Springs that  
used to be;

While owls go hooting, weirdly musi-  
cal,

'Neath purple nights that have been  
buried all

In the dark tomb of years; and  
ceaselessly

The singing rills re-echo from a sea  
Where long ago they found their fun-  
eral.

And thro' the dusty crannies of my  
heart

The winds go walling; and the danc-  
ing leaves

Beat their fine joys behind my  
closed eyes;

While in a secret storehouse set apart  
I hear the sobbing of a sea that  
grieves,

And of a little summer wind  
that dies.

*H. M. Waithman.*

*The Outlook.*

## PEACE OR CIVIL WAR?

Sir Edward Carson's speech on the 17th of May, at the opening of the Willowfield Drill Hall in Belfast, has been received by the Unionist Press as a quiet but solemn warning; by the organs of the Government it has been treated rather as the vamping of an angry leader who keeps up the appearance of a brave resistance in a cause already lost; while an apathetic British public, jaded by daily records of excitement from every country in the world, refuse to accept the possibility of anything untoward that would affect them more nearly than would a massacre in Mexico or the Balkan States, or an earthquake in Japan.

And yet, while they have eyes and see not, they are all but face to face with a crisis more grave than the Irish rebellion of 1798, and that may tear England herself as she has not been torn for two hundred and fifty years. The fact is that the British people are tired of the name of Home Rule; they are sick of the dominance of the Nationalist Parliamentary party, and heartily anxious to get rid of the Irish members from the House of Commons. They do not believe that any further harm will come of Home Rule than a loud grumble, and possibly a local riot in Ulster, easily suppressed, and leaving a population that in the course of time would resign themselves to an accomplished fact.

This is comforting to those who lie at the feet of the dominant caucus that sits at present on the shattered fragments of the British Constitution, but is it true? If it is not, then we are all but face to face with a very real peril, a peril in which political dissatisfaction, however intense, will pale before sectarian fanaticism, latent in Belfast, and not entirely absent from Glasgow and Liverpool, with which Belfast is

closely allied by commercial and other ties.

Volumes have been written upon this Irish question, and the Government of Ireland Bill has been examined from every point of view in the Press and on the platform—everywhere except in the House of Commons, where discussion has been stifled with the brutal frankness of a Ministry that having for the moment a giant's power are determined to use it as a giant. The Bill has been rejected by the House of Lords, as it would have been rejected by any conceivable independent Second Chamber, and now, in its stereotyped shape, awaits the form of a second acceptance by the Slaves of the Ring in the same House of Commons; but the peculiarity of this first cause and effect of the Parliament Act is that from every quarter, Nationalist, Unionist, or independent, it is condemned as inadequate or unworkable. Its financial proposals are shaken to the foundations by financial writers of the highest repute, while its fantastic provisions that keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope are the cause of deep heart-burning to honest Nationalists, of whom there are many. This is by the way, for if this Government remains in power, so far as two of the three estates of the realm are concerned, it must take its place upon the Statute-book. Happily there are signs that the thinking voters who in ordinary circumstances eschew the turbid waters of party politics are awaking to the danger of the position. They are the reserve of considered power that in times of grave danger decide elections over the heads of the party limpets unthinking and unchangeable—entered upon the agents' lists as safe votes.

It is now beginning to be recognized

that this despotic Government that has destroyed the Second Chamber and reduced the salaried members of the House of Commons to a condition of serfdom is itself held in bondage by a party that has over and over again freely and frankly declared its hostility to the British nation, and owes its success to the knowledge that from the date of the Clerkenwell explosion a Radical Government has gracefully yielded to the arguments of crime and outrage. They may not like it, but though the captured Cabinet may secretly disprove, it is affected by political *locomotor ataxy*, the feet acting independently of the head.

To recapitulate Irish history in this connection is useless. We may accept it that down to the date of Catholic emancipation Ireland had many grievances, and that during the eighteenth century there were sanguinary incidents that no man, Unionist or Nationalist, can read of without horror. Other countries have similar unhappy records of the past, but they wisely bury their dead and refuse to exhume the skeletons as an everlasting reminder. The Ireland with which this Government of Ireland Bill deals is an Ireland prosperous beyond all previous records; an Ireland to which the Imperial Government has advanced or promised over one hundred and fifty millions sterling to enable the tenant farmers to try the experiment of acquiring the full ownership of their farms; an Ireland which enjoys in the fullest measure every extension of county and municipal government enjoyed by England and Scotland; and an Ireland where justice is as ably and impartially administered in the High Courts as it is in Great Britain. In addition to this, the taxes in Ireland are lighter, and while that portion of the United Kingdom pays at present nothing towards the Imperial cost of the Army and Navy

and other necessary items of Imperial expenditure, the Irish members returned to Parliament hold a preponderant influence in that assembly.

Rebellions more or less serious have had their place in the centuries that have rolled by since Pope Adrian endowed King Henry the Second with the Lordship of Ireland by a bull sealed with an emerald seal that accompanied the bequest and gave to Ireland the name of the Emerald Isle. Such rebellions were usually the result of unsatisfied grievances; but this demand for Home Rule comes at a time of abounding prosperity, complete civil and religious equality, and redress of every grievance. It would then seem a matter of surprise, not that one-third of the population are bitterly opposed to a change from the present solidarity of the United Kingdom, but that two-thirds should demand it.

The reasons given for the desire for Home Rule, not in the set speeches of the platform but in the conversations by the wayside, are sometimes curious. There is a widespread belief that under Home Rule the Irish Government will, without delay, open mines in every direction. The belief is quite independent of the existence of minerals. It is there, and one might as well argue on the non-existence of fairies, who are, all the world knows, potent for good or evil. "What good do you expect to get from Home Rule?" was a question put to an intelligent peasant. The answer was prompt: "We will pay no more rent or taxes, and if we want money we'll send up a petition to the Parliament in Dublin and get a grant." That man is an ardent Home Ruler, and is rightly so according to the faith that is in him. His political views were free from sentiment, as were those of a Dublin carman equally anxious for the Bill. "What will you do when Home Rule comes?" was



asked. "What will we do? Faith, we'll tear up them tram-lines," was the reply. Again a non-sentimental but highly practical appreciation of advantageous possibilities from his point of view. There are many thousands whose hopes are as strong and as visionary, and we must not judge too harshly of the play of their Celtic imagination; nor can we ignore the fact that sentiment plays a large part in the agitation. But behind the sentiment is the knowledge that the creation of an Irish Parliament and Ministry would create a large number of small offices for aspirants of the proper way of thinking.

It is difficult for one not resident in Ireland to understand the attitude of the farmers. The Census statistics for Ireland show that the agricultural population in 1911 was 780,867, as against 613,397 engaged in commercial pursuits. The farmers are therefore in a majority, but are practically dominated by the more nimble-minded urban population. The great work of Sir Horace Plunkett in the establishment of co-operative farming societies is beginning to quicken their business instincts, but the struggle between town and country will for sometime result in the political triumph of the towns, whose interest would lie in looking to land rather than commercial profits in the incidence of future taxation. A single farmer will, in conversation, have no hesitation in expressing his doubts as to the advisability of Home Rule, but in the presence of another will speak very guardedly, while with a larger number he will at once declare for the measure. This to an Englishman accustomed to an open assertion of different opinions is difficult to understand, but in parts of Ireland there are occult forces at work that make men living in country places very cautious in expressing opinions that may be distasteful to a majority.

Opponents of Home Rule may be classed in two divisions. One sees in the disruption of the United Kingdom the first symptom of the decadence of England. This is the Imperial aspect. The other, while sharing the views of the first, realizes that, as Irishmen driven from that full citizenship of the United Kingdom that is their birth-right, they will be abandoned to the political domination of a faction regarded by them with the deepest distrust born of experience in the past.

On the general question of the effect upon the Empire of the disruption of the United Kingdom it is at present useless to dogmatize. The fact remains that a House of Commons dominated by a log-rolling coalition has destroyed the Constitution under which the Empire was born and has grown to its present proud position, and by promptly yielding to criminal methods has laid the axe to the root of sound and stable government; but in this Home Rule proposal we are brought face to face with a situation that not even the levity of the present Government can afford to disregard, and it behoves thoughtful men to contemplate the position should the Bill become law under the provisions of the Parliament Act. Irishmen of all persuasions have hitherto been part and parcel of the United Kingdom. They have fought and commanded under its banner, and have taken their full share in the expansion of the Empire. The most progressive and prosperous of the population are Unionists to the core, and they bitterly resent their repudiation by Great Britain at the dictation of a party whose speeches in America and elsewhere showed that their goal is total separation from England; who, in their place in Parliament, cheered the Boer successes in the dark days of the South African war, and who refused in an Irish city a place for the

erection of a monument to the memory of Irish soldiers who fell fighting under the Union Jack.

There are many thousands of Unionist Roman Catholics in Ireland, and men of weight and position have come forward to point out the dangers of Home Rule. They have excited angry comments from their co-religionists, but have proved that independence of thought and action is not a Protestant monopoly. But the present Ulster movement differs from the Unionist campaign of the South and West, in that it has adopted strictly sectarian lines, and its supporters have bound themselves by a solemn covenant to resist by every means within their power any exercise of authority by a local Government that would, in their opinion, place in jeopardy their civil and religious liberties.

When an intelligent, industrious, and prosperous community adopts, after due deliberation, a solemn covenant, in the face of fair warning that it may mean even armed conflict with the forces of the Crown and great loss of life, there must be in their minds overwhelming reasons for such a resolve, and the reason given by the Ulster Protestants is that while they are at present members of a Protestant United Kingdom in which every man enjoys complete civil and religious equality and liberty, an autonomous Ireland would mean a country practically under the domination of the Roman Catholic Church. I use the term "autonomous" advisedly, for the paper safeguards of the Bill are illusory. Once establish an Irish Parliament and Ministry, and there is an end to practical interference by the present Parliament of the United Kingdom. The power to interfere has been carefully preserved in the constitutions granted to all the autonomous Colonies, but in every instance where a difference of opinion has presented

itself the Imperial Government has yielded.

In treating of this thorny subject we must distinguish carefully between Catholics and Catholicism. Individually there is nothing to choose between the respectable Irish Roman Catholic and the respectable Irish Protestant, but, taken as separate communities, the one is subject to the political domination of his Church, while the other enjoys a more free atmosphere in which to exercise his judgment.

Then the Roman Catholic is an aggressive Church. We have no right to complain of this—probably all Churches would be aggressive if they could; but having regard to the claim of the Irish priesthood to guide their people politically as well as morally—a claim conceded by the great mass of Irish Roman Catholics—the practice of an aggressive Church might become a social danger to a minority of non-Catholics, against which they would fight if necessary, and against the possibility of which the Protestants of Ulster have now sworn to stand with arms in their hands.

For the confirmation of their apprehension of danger from this source they point to the *Ne temere* decree, which deliberately overrides the law of the land, and to the Nationalist meetings, nine-tenths of which have always had as their chairman the parish priest or one of his curates. Much may be said for the presence of the Roman Catholic clergy on these occasions, for they do, on the whole, exercise a salutary control; but it shows a political power against the unrestrained exercise of which the Ulster Protestants are prepared to make a determined stand. There is a large body of Unionists, however, whose antagonism to Home Rule is based not so much upon the sectarian aspect as on the conviction that under a Nationalist Parliament the present discred-

itable condition of Irish executive action would become permanent. Since the advent of the present Government the erstwhile forces of law and order have been in abeyance; outrage has been accepted as a legitimate argument; criminals have been released with amazing levity, almost as soon as sentenced and against the opinions of experienced judges, and for those who can obtain the support of one or two Nationalist members the law has no terrors. Wire-pulling has been reduced to a fine art, and so far as the personality can be judged by official acts of those whose duty it is to show an example of firmness and justice, we can only say with Portia of some, not the least important, "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

At present the Government of Ireland is not directed from Dublin Castle, but from the headquarters of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. From thence the policy is dictated and all appointments are nominated. The nominees of the society not alone control the Dublin office, but fill the scores, if not hundreds, of the smaller offices created under the Insurance Act. Its acceptance as an approved society has enormously increased its membership, and endowed it with between 100,000*l.* and 150,000*l.* per annum, so that at this moment it is the most powerful association in Ireland, controlling the Government on one hand and a great mass of the Irish people on the other.

A society with such a power for good or evil ought to have a clean record, and, as the name is no new one, there are reliable means of inquiry into its antecedents. In the *Nineteenth Century* of February 1911 I gave extracts from the trial at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, of four members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians before three judges in 1876. The four men

were arraigned for murder, and the prosecuting counsel, in his address on the 4th of May, laid bare the working of this terrible society, which, according to the sworn evidence, received its pass-words from Ireland, the quarterly change of pass-words being conveyed by a member who was a steward on an Atlantic liner. The society had obtained control of every branch of the executive in Schuylkill county, from the Governor to the constable, and criminal methods were supreme. The result of a series of trials was the conviction of twelve members of the order for murder in the first degree, of four for murder in the second degree, of four as accomplices, and of sixteen for conspiracy.

It is a terrible record of the operations of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of that date, and there is no reason to assume that there has been any breach in its continuity; if there has been, the present Ancient Order of Hibernians should be in a position to show when the old society ceased to exist, and when the present order was created with such an ill-omened patronymic. Doubtless the large number of new members enlisted under the Insurance Act are ignorant of any unlawful incidents standing to the deep discredit of the blood-stained name, but if the continuity of the society is established there are ample grounds for the dismay with which those who know its history regard its practical control of the Irish Government. The Society is exclusively Roman Catholic. No person is admitted who has been in the Government service. I pass by the question of toleration for Unionists in the various public bodies under Nationalist influence, merely stating that statistics show that there is practically none.

I have tried to show in broad lines the causes that have led to the present situation, and it now remains to con-

sider the possible result of the ultimate acceptance of the Government of Ireland Bill by his Majesty the King, who some people seem to forget is the first of the three estates of the realm.

The great meeting at Belfast on the 9th of April 1912 was a demonstration that, come what would, the Unionist of Ulster would not have Home Rule. That warning was disregarded. The signing of the Solemn Covenant in September 1912 by almost the entire Unionist population of Ulster not alone confirmed the resolution of the original meeting, but was a plain intimation that any attempt to impose a government by an Irish Parliament upon Ulster would be resisted, if necessary, by an appeal to arms. In pursuance of these resolutions the Orangemen of the North, as well as Unionist societies, have been making their preparations, openly but quietly, by drilling and by perfecting arrangements that would be necessary in the event of overt action if the forces to be used were to act as disciplined troops and not as an armed mob.

Now let us consider the situation with which Great Britain may be confronted during the coming year. The Protestant population grim and determined, drilled and ready, and prepared to shed their blood if needs be in defence of what they consider a sacred cause, calling upon Protestant England and Scotland to come to their aid, and the Orange lodges sounding the tocsin and urgently calling upon their brethren all over the world to answer to their appeal; while the Roman Catholics of Ulster arm for their own protection, and the Government considers whether an army shall be sent to coerce with fire and sword a Protestant population assembled under the folds of the Union Jack to resist forcible expulsion from the United Kingdom.

But this is not all. Come what will, we shall have in the North of Ireland two armed populations, equally brave, though one side is lacking discipline and skilled leaders, and each at a white heat of excitement. Is it in the nature of things that the peace will be kept between them, or, if it is broken, that reprisals will be confined to Ulster? God grant that peace may not be broken, but if it is to any serious extent Irish history supplies an answer that may well make the most careless pause and think.

This is the Irish aspect of the near future. But what about England and Scotland? I am informed by an English member of Parliament who was present at the signing of the covenant that, deeply as he was impressed by the scenes in Belfast, he was still more struck when, on landing at Liverpool at seven o'clock on a cold and wet morning, he found at least one hundred thousand people assembled to greet Sir Edward Carson on his return. Will the fiery cross be answered in Liverpool or in Glasgow? In both we have conflicting elements that may arouse religious strife to which Great Britain has happily long been a stranger. And what about Canada, in which there are, I am informed, about 3000 Orange Lodges? Or the United States of America, in which 3700 Orange Lodges exist with an average membership of eighty? Will they endeavor to answer an Orange call? The answer to these questions is of vital importance to the stability and prestige of the Empire, and it is well to remember that the present restraint of the Orangemen and Unionists of the North is due to the gilding influence of leaders who have solemnly declared, and repeated at the opening of this Willowfield Drill Hall, that if the time should come when unhappily the Ulstermen must assemble with arms in their hands, they will be there to command and lead them.

These men are no braggart agitators. The Duke of Abercorn has taken his full share in political work; the Marquis of Londonderry has filled the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Sir Edward Carson, whose leadership is unanimously accepted, has been one of the chief law officers in the Unionist Government, and the names of those who attended the meetings and signed the covenant include men who

The Nineteenth Century and After.

have attained high rank in the Army.

I write without reserve, for I feel that a crisis is almost upon us that may develop into a great national calamity, and the time has come, for those who have brains to think, to consider whether a government by well-intentioned failures is worth preserving at the cost of a probable civil war.

Henry A. Blake.

## REALISTIC DRAMA.

### II.

It was suggested at the end of my first paper<sup>1</sup> that the production of *The Profligate* at the Garrick Theatre in 1889 was a significant event, and, indeed, was prophetic of the much more important occasion—the production of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in May, 1893. I shall be concerned in the present article with the progress of Realism in Drama, and with some of those pieces of Sir Arthur Pinero which were conceived and executed in a realistic vein. Those which are convenient for my purpose in this respect are *The Profligate*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *The Benefit of the Doubt*, *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbemith*, and *Iris*. These are all realistic plays in the sense which has been already defined. The dramatist writing about his own country and his own times desires to paint not flattering portraits but veracious likenesses. He does not want to ignore the ordinary conditions, the salient characteristics of the era in which he lives. He believes it to be his business to look steadily at the social fabric, to observe the different elements of which it is composed, to note the peculiar perils which surround and enfeeble its health, and to play the part, not indeed of a reformer, for

that would be too didactic an aim for an artist—or, at all events, for some artists—but of a keen, quick-witted, and occasionally sympathetic observer. And in similar fashion with regard to the personages of this drama, the playwright will seek to draw men and women, not as viewed through the spectacles of a fantastic imagination, but in their habit as they live. If he does this with a certain remorselessness, he is a Realist.

Now it is exactly this remorselessness of his which gets him into trouble with a number of different sections of our world. He is unflinching in his portrayal, and men do not like unflinching portrait-painters. They want the picture touched up by some indulgent and benevolent philanthropist. The realist refuses to play with what he deems to be the truth. At the time when the younger Dumas was writing extremely interesting though not altogether persuasive prefaces to his plays, and was particularly occupied with some of the destructive activities of modern woman—a subject which, as we are aware attracted him strongly—he made some remarks about the things we ought to laugh at and the things we ought not to laugh at. "It is our common habit in France," he wrote, "to laugh at serious things,"

<sup>1</sup> *The Living Age*, June 28, 1913.



We may, indeed, extend his observation and say that in England it is often our habit—especially in musical comedies—to laugh at serious things. But, according to Dumas, the only right attitude is to laugh at things which are not serious, and which have no pretension to be serious. When we are face to face with a grave social danger, it is a very curious sort of wisdom which dismisses such subjects with a laugh. There is, of course, a touch of pedantry in an observation like this, and there was certainly a good deal of pedantry in Dumas' didactic attitude. Nevertheless, there is solid truth beneath, which is very applicable to our modern audiences in England.

If we go back a certain number of years, to the time, for instance, when *The Profligate* was produced, or to the time when Ibsen's plays were first represented in our capital, we find that the common attitude of average people was one of shocked resentment. "The problem play" was looked at with open abhorrence, as though it were an accursed thing, revolutionary and immoral. Indeed, every serious effort made by the realist to represent life in plain, undisguised fashion was regarded, and is still regarded in many quarters, as savoring of implety. Those who adopt such an attitude have certainly one justification. They point out that the playhouse is open to a very mixed public, of very different ages, and that it is wrong, or at all events highly injudicious to put on the stage problem plays which might be an offence to the youthful and immature. There is a further point also, which is somewhat open to controversy, but which is advanced by those who desire to keep serious discussion about life and morals away from the boards. There is all the difference, we are told, between what is read on the printed page and what is enacted before our eyes by living characters.

The second is supposed to make a far deeper impression than the first, and therefore the enacted scene, if in any sense it is unpleasant, is likely to do more mischief in proportion to its vivid and lively character. It is difficult to dogmatize on a point like this, because it depends largely upon the individual whether a stronger impression is created by a story or a play. But the other point of objection proceeds on an assumption which no lover of drama can possibly concede. It assumes that a play is a mere entertainment, possessed of no serious dignity in itself, but only a sheer matter of amusement. In other words, it assumes that dramatic art is not art at all, because, directly we think of it, no art, whether painting, or sculpture, or literature, can be regulated in accordance with the age of immaturity of the public to whom it is presented. You do not ask your painter to remember that a child may look at his picture, nor do you ask your Hardys and Merediths to remember that their pages may be perused by young and sensitive persons.

The fact is that a good deal of ambiguity surrounds the use of such words as "the immoral," as applied to stage plays and the theatre. The very same critics who object to the problem play appear to have no objection when similar subjects are treated with easy wit and from a comical standpoint by the writers of musical comedy. What is it which should strictly be called "the immoral?" Immorality consists, obviously, in putting people wrong about the relations of virtue and vice. It consists in adorning vice with seductive colors, in hiding the ugliness of the corrupt, in adopting little affectations of worldliness or wit in the effort to screen from the public gaze the real misery of a decadent civilization. Or, again, when we have to treat with the actual conditions which obtain in this world

of ours, it is plainly immoral to ignore the law of cause and effect. To pretend, for instance, that vice has no consequences, that everything can be put right, that plenary forgiveness waits on repentance and remorse, is immoral. It is possible for human creatures to forgive, and in some rare cases it is even possible for them to forget. But Nature never forgives, and no tears can wipe out the social effects of crime. To confuse the public on points like these, to present them with a false theory, is, indeed, an immoral thing. But how can it be called immoral to see some danger ahead and warn people of the enormous importance of avoiding it? How can it be immoral to observe men and women on the brink of a precipice, and to try to pull them back? The man who engages in a task like this cannot be called immoral, even though he may have to use very plain and ugly terms in acquitting himself of his disagreeable task.

This, I take it, is the defence of realism; its justification in the face of its numerous critics. There may be things to be said on the other side. Sometimes the realist may be like the satirist, and some satirists appear to have a predilection for ugly things. But that hardly touches the main centre of realism as we find it in drama. Its chief quality is to be absolutely fearless and ruthless in the exposure of all that is harmful, rotten, degrading, just as equally it should be its clear duty to set forth all that is helpful, stimulating, salutary. If realists are fonder of the first duty than the second, their excuse is that there is much necessary spade-work to be done in removing the evil before we can even hope to see the good. Besides, it is a melancholy fact that the good is, from the dramatic standpoint, not rarely the uninteresting. The true apology of the realist, however, is to

be found in his passionate desire for truth—truth at all costs, his equally passionate hatred of all hypocrisy and sham, his zeal to anchor himself on solid facts and to refuse to care whether he gives pain or discomfort to men and women who would rather live in a fool's paradise. The best part of the influence of Ibsen on the modern drama is to be found in his clear promulgation of the necessity for truth. This point we shall have an opportunity of observing presently.

In April, 1889, when *The Profligate* was produced, Ibsen's influence on English dramatists had not yet begun. Indeed, clear traces of its influence are only discoverable in 1895, when *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbemith* was seen on the boards. But the impulse to veracity, the resolute desire to study human nature, and especially to discover the effects on that human nature of a certain course of conduct more or less deliberately and recklessly pursued—these are the signs which prove to us that Pinero's *The Profligate* was in truth a drama of realism. The real change can hardly be better seen than in the treatment of the principal character. That a human being is to a very large extent a slave of his habits is adequately recognised in the play. In other words, we see the first beginnings of the doctrine of determinism. If a man acts from motives, and if the motives are in their turn automatically suggested by a type of conduct deliberately pursued through several years, then in the case of human action we get as much certainty of sequence between cause and effect as we do in external nature. Given the antecedents, the consequents will follow. Given the motives supplied by the past life, and a man's action is inevitable. Or, to put the matter in a concrete case where its immediate pertinence is easily seen, given a vicious career, then the ordinary and habitual

conduct of the man at each successive episode or incident in his life will be vicious. I lay stress on the point because here is the commencement of a scientific psychology quite as much as an illustration of realism on the stage.

Dunstan Renshaw is a profligate—not, observe, merely an ordinary “man of the world,” as we call it, but one who has done definite acts which stamp his nature, especially in his relations with Janet Preece. Dunstan Renshaw falls in love with Leslie Brudenell, and in the first moments of emotional excitement and expansion he declares to his friend that the companionship of a pure woman is a revelation to him. “She seemed,” he tells Murray, “to take me by the hand and to lead me out of darkness into the light.” All his high-flown language is perfectly explicable in a man who had, apparently, lived on his nerves and who was capable of intense moments of feeling. But what does not follow—what, indeed, is in the highest sense improbable—is that any radical change in character can be thus effected. Let us even suppose that such a sudden conversion were possible—which is granting a good deal more than the scientific psychologist would allow—there is always the terrible past, which is never buried but is always starting into fresh and vivid reality. How can a man like Dunstan Renshaw, merely because he marries a pure woman, wipe out his past? The past has “overtaken him,” he says in one excited utterance. “You know what my existence has been, I am in deadly fear; I dread the visit of a stranger or the sight of strange handwriting, and in my sleep I dream that I am muttering into Leslie’s ear the truth against myself.”

Of course, his past sins find him out, as his friend Murray had prophesied. The whole pitiful history of Janet Preece comes to the light, and looks

all the uglier because by the use of the long arm of coincidence Leslie’s brother Wilfred has loved Janet. Ah, you say, but the woman can forgive: Leslie is a good woman! It is true that she can forgive, but she can hardly forget; and, even if she did, how does this help Dunstan Renshaw, who finds it impossible to forget? In other words, the past cannot be obliterated by a stroke of the pen, and it is the intimate and deadly quality of all sins that they leave permanent traces on the man and woman who have committed them.

“And having tasted stolen honey  
You can’t buy innocence for money.”

We can understand how new a thing in English drama was this ruthless treatment of a grave problem, when we discover that owing to the solicitations of John Hare, the only true, as well as artistic, end of this play was changed. John Hare was guided by the popular prejudice in favor of a happy ending, and he therefore besought the dramatist to soften down the terrible conclusion into something wholly unreal and artificial, which should send the spectators away in a happier frame of mind. Well, it is an old-established prejudice in theatrical audiences to desire happy endings. Even Aristotle recognized the fact. But such exhibitions of human weakness do not alter the stern facts of life; they only proclaim aloud the hopeless divergence between popular art and an art based on psychology and science. There are some problems that cannot be solved by tears or forgiveness. What sort of married life was possible for Dunstan Renshaw and Leslie? The dramatist cut the Gordian knot by making the hero kill himself, for in no other fashion probably can a dramatist bring home to those who see his plays the dreadful consequence of certain crimes. But if we want to see what is the result of

marriages of this kind, we cannot do better than to turn to one of the works of the Norwegian dramatist, Ibsen. *Ghosts* is not a pleasant play, but it conveys a tremendous moral. In the course of the story we discover that Mrs. Alving's husband is a profligate of a type absolutely comparable with Dunstan Renshaw. For various reasons, including social and external decency, she determines to make the best of it and go on living with the man as if he were a sort of saint instead of a blackguard. Conventional morality requires that a wife should go on living with her husband whatever he may be guilty of—such is the moral of Pastor Manders. But it is exactly this worship of humbug and pretence which the true moralist reprobates in the severest terms. Ibsen's *Ghosts* is generally considered as a sort of sequel to Ibsen's *Doll's House*—it is equally a sequel to Pinero's *The Profligate*. Why Nora is justified in running away from her home is because in certain conditions life becomes impossible for a married pair. Why Dunstan Renshaw commits suicide is because certain sins are never forgiven or forgotten. If we choose to disregard these realities the next generation will suffer. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." The son of the profligate Councillor Alving ends by being a helpless idiot crying for the sunshine.

It does not follow, of course, that *The Profligate* is in itself a good play, or even a good example of dramatic realism. It is worth while looking at this point for a moment, because it will throw light on our subject from another quarter. What are the obvious defects of *The Profligate*? We notice a certain crudeness in the composition and construction. If you look at the opening scene of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* you will find one of the most admirable examples that Sir

Arthur Pinero has ever given us of what is technically called "exposition." The dinner party given by Aubrey Tanqueray to his friends reveals in the most natural way in the world the story in which we are to be interested, and the clever manner in which Paula is herself introduced at the end of the first act gives us a very necessary sight of the heroine who is to play so fatal a part in Aubrey Tanqueray's destiny. *The Profligate* commences with a conversation between Hugh Murray, Renshaw's friend, and Lord Dangars, which is by no means so happy. Moreover, in carrying out the intrigue there is a decided lack of naturalness, or rather of inevitableness. Every play of the sort must invoke the aid of coincidence, because in presenting a little picture, foreshortened and concentrated, of a complete and rounded-off story, the playwright must be permitted to use all the expedients which we recognize to be of the nature of accidents. But the use of coincidence in *The Profligate* goes beyond all bounds. It is necessary, of course, that Leslie, wife of Dunstan Renshaw, should come face to face with Janet Preece, who has been her husband's victim. But the mechanism which produces this result is decidedly arbitrary, if not far-fetched. Hazard and accident play an overwhelming part. Accident brings Janet to Paddington Station at the same time as Leslie and her brother; accident decides that Leslie's school friend, Miss Stonehay, should take Janet as a travelling companion; accident, once more, brings the Stonehay family precisely to the environs of Florence, and to the villa in which the Renshaws are living; and finally, there is not so much nature as artifice in the arrangement by which Janet stays with Leslie at the villa instead of going away as she naturally would—through feelings of sheer delicacy.

There is another side on which *The Profligate* is open to criticism. The danger of all realistic plays is that they are apt to tumble unaware into melodrama. I mean by melodrama an exaggeration in the drawing of character, the sacrifice of a good deal of probability in order to accentuate the situation, and a noticeable want of connection between the motives and acts of the personages involved. The character of Dunstan Renshaw shows many signs of exaggeration. His *raison d'être* in the piece is to represent a profligate and a seducer, and a man who has lived the particular life that he is supposed to have lived, and who, even on the eve of his marriage, indulges in a stupid carouse, is hardly capable of those finer shades of feeling, of remorse and self-chastisement, which he betrays towards the end of the play. So, too, Leslie's evolution is decidedly abrupt from the innocence of the earlier stage to the knowledge of life after one month's *tête-à-tête* with her husband.

How different is the masterly treatment which we come across in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*! We understand the situation from the very beginning. The characters are not exaggerated, and we see them developing before our eyes on lines which we recognize as essentially probable and true. The personality of Aubrey Tanqueray may be a little obscure here and there, but Paula is an admirable creation, whose conduct throughout is what we might have expected of a woman in such circumstances and subject to such temptations; while as in the case of Greek tragedy, we are dimly aware from the first scene to the last of a Fate hanging over all the characters and dooming them to their eventual ruin. There is, it is true, one coincidence which may strike some observers as strange. It is the accident which brings back Ardale, the ac-

cepted lover of Ellean, into the presence of the heroine, with whom he had such close relations in the past. Nevertheless here, as it seems to me, the coincidence is not in any sense surprising or unnatural, given the past circumstances of Paula's life and her numerous adventures before she became Mrs. Tanqueray. It is because of its supreme theatrical execution, because it gives us living figures whose dispositions and character inevitably work up to the *dénouement*, and because it does not slide over into melodrama, that *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is, so far as I can judge, one of the masterpieces of the modern English stage.

For what is, or ought to be, the supreme excellence of a play which purports to deal with real events and real characters, true to the country in which they live and explicable on proper psychological grounds? I think the great test is this. Do we look upon the enacted drama as a mere spectacle, or do we find ourselves part of it? Are we merely sitting as spectators in a theatre divided from the stage by the footlights, living our own lives while the people on the boards live theirs? Or are we transported in very deed into the enacted scene, as though it were part of the life which for the time we ourselves are leading? A great play, which greatly deals with supreme issues, has the power to make us forget that we are in a theatre at all, or that there is any distinction between us and the actors. In other words, we live in the play, and do not merely look at it. But how rarely do we undergo an experience like this! Assuredly, it is impossible in plays of romance; it is equally impossible in melodramas or farces. But the supreme virtue of a drama of realism is that now and again it has this strange power of transporting us out of ourselves. The audience becomes



a part of the play. Everyone, perhaps, will have his own instances to give of an experience of this kind: for myself I felt it when I first saw *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and again, to take quite a modern instance, when I saw only a few months ago *Hindle Wakes*.

This seems a fit opportunity for saying something of the predominant influence of Ibsen. I have called it predominant because it seems a mere matter of fact that since the vogue of the Norwegian dramatist most of the playwrights of England have either altered their methods or their style. But it is necessary to look at the matter a little closer, because the influence which a man exerts on the literature of another country is a somewhat intangible thing, and we are only too apt to go wrong as to its range and quality. The main influence of Ibsen has, undoubtedly, been in the direction of realism, defined in the sense in which I have all along tried to use it. Realism means above all else a devotion to the bare and explicit truth of human life and human character, and the avoidance of all romantic or poetic devices for obscuring the main issues. No sooner had Ibsen begun to compose his social dramas than he found himself immersed in a task—evidently congenial to him—of tearing down the social conventions, exposing the social hypocrisies which disguise the face of reality and truth. Nearly every one of his social plays is an exposure of humbug of some sort. Now it is the case of some shipowner, who recklessly sends a rotten old hulk to sea for reasons purely commercial; and now it is the more intimate relationship between men and women in the married state, which seems to the dramatist to require careful analysis and elucidation. Or, again, it is the fetish of mundane respectability at which Ibsen will gird. He will show us a Pastor Manders trying to persuade Mrs. Alving to go

on living with her profligate husband for the sake of external decency; or else will paint for us the character of a sincere enthusiast for the truth who wishes to purify a town's water supply, together with all the fatal consequences in his case, the loss of personal prestige, the accusations of treachery, the desertion of all his friends. These are the various themes which Ibsen takes up in *The Pillars of Society*, in *A Doll's House*, in *Ghosts*, and in *An Enemy of the People*. And then, by a sudden change of outlook, in order to prove that he cares more for truth than for theory, Ibsen writes his strange play *The Wild Duck*, the whole purport of which is to show that a fanatical devotion to truth may cause just as much injury as the studious and calculated suppression of truth. What is wrong with society is the reign of conventional ethics, supported by such interested apostles of things as they are as clergymen and business men. There are many dark corners which ought to be looked into in this matter. Nevertheless, like everything else, truth is a difficult goddess to worship, and the intoxicated fanatic who devotes himself to her cause will often do her graver harm than even the conventional liar. Such seems to be the lesson of *The Wild Duck*, albeit that it is a play which has always caused a certain searching of heart among the disciples of Ibsen. But the general impulse of striving to attain to the exact and veritable fact remains as one of the chief heritages which Ibsen communicated to the dramatic world, and it is easy to see in this respect how great has been his influence amongst modern playwrights.

I pass to another point—the question of dramatic construction. Ibsen is a master of dramatic craftsmanship. He certainly learnt some lessons in the school of Scribe in Paris, but he

applied and transformed the *pièce bien faite* in his own fashion, so that, externally at all events, an Ibsen play seems to differ *toto cælo* from the ordinary pieces produced on the French stage. In some respects Ibsen has an almost classical severity and restraint of form. His *Ghosts* is, technically, like a Greek tragedy, so sure is the progression of its incidents, so close is the interaction between cause and effect. *A Doll's House* might possibly commend itself to Euripides, although, of course, the Greek dramatist would have solved the problem in his usual fashion by introducing some god or goddess to cut the Gordian knot. A method of which Ibsen was especially fond in his plays was what has been called the retrospective method. You start your plot on the very eve of a *dénouement*, as close as you can to the tragic issue. Then you make your characters expound the past in a series of animated dialogues, so that when the conclusion is reached you have become thoroughly acquainted with the personages who bring it about.<sup>2</sup> Ibsen shows a wonderful skill in the fashion in which he makes the personages of the drama reveal their past actions and also themselves, to which we may add the obvious fact that his conversations themselves are conducted with a sense of actuality which makes them extraordinarily vivid. You can read a play by Ibsen with almost as much pleasurable interest as you can witness it on the stage, because there is not only something easy and natural in the sentences put into the mouths of the various characters, but there is also a distinct economy of effect. The sentences themselves have weight and importance because they so clearly lead up to the issue.

The only thing which interferes with this triumphant actuality is

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Bernard Shaw uses this method in "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

Ibsen's increasing tendency as he grew to his later years to use symbols and images, sometimes of a very vague and elusive character. The symbol of the Wild Duck is comparatively easy, for it very fairly indicates both the character and the fate of the girl heroine, Hedwig. In *The Lady from the Sea* we have advanced a step further in the symbolic direction. After all, the Wild Duck was a mere symbol, subordinate to the plot itself, but in *The Lady from the Sea* the idea of the play itself is wholly symbolic. The problem of married life is not discussed as it had been, for instance, in *A Doll's House*, but is merged in a sort of allegory suggestive of the romance of love. Plays like *Rosmersholm* and *Hedda Gabler* belong to the earlier type, but when we come to *The Master Builder* and *Little Eyolf*, and especially to the last, *When We Dead Awaken*, symbolism is once more in full swing; and, indeed, in *When We Dead Awaken* it represents, or perhaps disguises, a definite weakening in dramatic power. According to the French critic, M. Filon, however, it is just this symbolism or allegorical element in Ibsen which makes him congenial to Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic tastes, while it renders it much more difficult for Parisian audiences and the Latin races to understand him. There is, undoubtedly, a strong strain of mysticism in all Northern peoples, Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Anglo-Saxon, but in the representations of Ibsen's plays in England I have never been able to detect that Ibsen owes such popularity as he has gained to his mystical elements. As a matter of fact, he never has been popular in the widest sense in England, and certainly the performance of plays like *A Master Builder* and *Little Eyolf* has not enabled English spectators to welcome Ibsen as akin to them in essence and spirit. Obviously, too, the symbolic tendency interferes in no slight meas-

ure with the realistic tendency which belongs to the best work of Ibsen. Symbolism may be valuable inasmuch as it suggests that realism is by no means the last word in dramatic art, but it is not a phase in the great Norwegian's work which has lent itself to much successful imitation on the part of his followers and admirers.

There is another aspect of Ibsen's work, however, which deserves attention, especially as connected with modern movements in social and intellectual life.<sup>3</sup> I refer to the extraordinary prominence which he has given to women in his dramas, and especially to women as representing the individualistic idea as against State action or collectivism. Ibsen, undoubtedly, thought, as most of his social dramas prove, that all State action, as such, whether exercised through a compact majority or through police or other agencies, is entirely harmful and crippling because it puts chains upon the individual. As against society the individual is always right. Now, who are the great individuals? Women, undoubtedly, who not only attack problems in their own fashion, but instinctively resist the pressure of laws imposed upon them, as it seems to their intelligence, in an entirely arbitrary manner. Hence the importance of women in Ibsen's plays, and hence, too, the idea, for which, indeed, there is a good deal to be said, that Ibsen was the great feminist writer, doing more for the cause of women both as poet and artist than any thinker had done before him. It is not quite certain, however, whether the Norwegian dramatist really liked this identification of his views with those of the ordinary feminist platform. He certainly did not keenly support any women's movements, and, apparently,

<sup>3</sup> Cf. "Henrik Ibsen." A Critical Study, by R. Ellis Roberts (Martin Secker), a book of no little value to the student of drama.

he was annoyed that his play *A Doll's House* should have been interpreted as a tract for feminism. But it remains true that to women he assigned all the virtues the possession of which he denied to men. The love of truth, a clear perception of what is reasonable, a fine dose of enthusiasm, immense energy, all these things are attributed to women in his plays, whereas, on the contrary, the men exhibit the mean vices—stupidity, selfishness, sometimes cowardice, sometimes also rascality and a reckless greed. There are exceptions, of course. Hedda Gabler is a woman entirely devoid of conscience, while Dr. Stockmann is a fine example of the well-meaning moralist who pursues his love of truth even though society be shattered. So, too, Dr. Wangel is a husband entirely praiseworthy, but I know of hardly any other husband in the Ibsenite drama of whom the same thing can be said. The women, I say, have all the virtues, or, at all event, all the virtues from the point of view of the Norwegian dramatist. Many examples occur. There is Nora, for instance, in *A Doll's House*, who cannot endure a married life which is not founded on respect for individual duties, as against her husband Torvald, who only desires to hush up scandal. Or there is Rebecca in *Rosmersholm*, a far finer character than the unhappy Rosmer, much braver and more resolute in her determination to save her soul through love. Or in *The Master Builder*, while Solness seems only inspired by the single idea that somehow or other he must keep back the advancing tide of the younger generation, Hilda is inspired by a much more healthy ambition in trying to restore to Solness his earlier dreams. Or, once more, in the last of the Ibsen plays, *When We Dead Awaken*, it is Irene who has truth and right on her side, as against the egotist Rubek, who only desires to make use

of human personalities in the selfish pursuit of art for art's sake.

As we review these and many other instances we see that to Ibsen woman is not only the born anarchist, but that she is also justified in her anarchical views. The world is poisoned because everyone is contented with outworn social and ethical conventions. Women refuse to be blinded by the dust of these antique superstitions; they are on the side of freedom, independence, self-realization, the only ideals at which human life ought to aim, the only ideals which Ibsen, at all events, chooses to glorify. Of course, Ibsen was very one-sided in views of this kind. The progress of humanity depends on two movements which must go on side by side. One is the impulse towards change; the other is the steady drag towards stability. To prevent a given social state from petrification there must be constant revolts, a continuous series of fresh and lively efforts to strike out new paths. But in order that a social state may exist at all, the newer impulses must be harmonized with the older structure. Order is as necessary for the world as progress. Ibsen's ideal of self-realization, if carried to its logical results, means the destruction of stability for the sake of a few hare-brained individuals. Nor yet is self-realization to be distinguished in the last resort from a greedy and assertive selfishness.

In his influence on the world of drama, however, Ibsen's fondness not only for drawing women but for endowing them with energetic qualities has played no small part in the evolution of feminist ideas. In all modern realistic work, whether you take it in the plays of Pinero or of George Bernard Shaw, the woman has attained a prominence and importance far removed from the older dramatic conception of woman either as a toy or as a

goddess or an idol to be worshipped in a shrine. None of us in this modern generation are likely to forget either Mr. Shaw's Candida or the same dramatist's Ann Whitefield. The first is to me, I confess, a somewhat enigmatic personage. You will remember what Candida, the excellent wife of an excellent clergyman, dared to do in the play bearing her name. She knows that she is loved by her clergyman husband; she is also aware that she is the object of a fantastic adoration on the part of a young poet, Eugene Marchbanks. She daringly puts lover and husband to the test, and says that whoever is the weaker and needs her most will have her for the future. She plays this cruel game, although she knows that her stupid common-place self-opinionated husband—who, by the way, is a very successful clergyman—adores her, and that her namby-pamby sentimental febrile lover puts her on a pinnacle as being much too great for her commonplace surroundings. Of course, the dramatist gets out of his difficulty by explaining to us that the Rev. James Morell was in reality the weaker man who needed Candida most of all, and so all comes right in the end. But whether we are for this reason to forgive the wife, or whether she is acting as all women act in similar circumstances, are questions which the mere man finds it difficult to answer. Mr. Shaw's heroines are not always pleasant people, with the exception, of course, of Lady Cecily Waynflete in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. Some of them are of the hard huntress type, like Ann Whitefield in *Man and Superman*, who runs down her quarry with magnificent persistence and success. Barbara is a subtle conception, subtle and interesting, but her creator does not improve her character as the play proceeds. To compare the women of Mr. Shaw with the women of Ibsen would be an interesting topic, but one

for which, unfortunately, I have no space.

The women of Sir Arthur Pinero are very carefully drawn, and in this perhaps, once again, we can see the influence, consciously or unconsciously, exercised by Ibsen. I have already referred to Leslie Brudenell in *The Profligate*, and to Paula in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. I have yet to deal with the heroine of *The Benefit of the Doubt*, with *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, and with *Iris*. With regard to Agnes Ebbsmith, interesting character as she undoubtedly is, there is perhaps less to be said because the play in which she appears is not so carefully wrought, or at all events is not so successful as the others of which mention has been made. Still, the character of Agnes Ebbsmith raises several most curious problems which are worth studying, quite apart from the success or want of success of the play called by her name. There is a strange tragedy about the woman. She is full of independence and spirit, and without any doubt she wanted to be the companion, friend, and fellow-worker of Lucas Cleeve, with whom she had elected to live. Perhaps Lucas Cleeve himself thought at one time that life was possible both for him and for Agnes on the high platonic plane of companionship and *camaraderie*. But because Lucas is a half-baked creature, or rather because he is merely the ordinary man, *l'homme moyen sensuel*, the experiment is a failure. Agnes is forced, deliberately, to appeal to his senses and lower nature in order to fortify his constancy.

I turn to *The Benefit of the Doubt* and to *Iris*. Both the heroines of these plays are, from an ordinary masculine standpoint, worthless, and almost contemptible. Yet, on the contrary, thanks to Pinero's art, we are only too ready to forgive them both. We make excuses for them; we say that circum-

stances were too strong, that their positions were unendurable, that their sins ought to be forgiven. Here is Theo Fraser in *The Benefit of the Doubt*. She is married to a hard, dour Scotsman, Fraser of Lochearn, who will wear kilts at the dinner table, and insists on having his deplorable bagpipes played on every occasion. Well, it is not fair to a sensitive woman, on whose nerves these things act with terrible force. So she flies for refuge to Jack Allingham, and there is a scandal, an action for divorce, and the judge gives her the benefit of the doubt. Now, mark what ensues. Fraser, not being an absolute ass, says that they must go abroad in order to get over the malevolence of spiteful tongues. He wants to hush up scandal like Trovald in *A Doll's House*. Theo resolutely refuses to do anything of the kind, and says, on the contrary, that the situation must be faced, and that they must remain in town. She may have been right in principle, but the sequel proves that she was wrong in fact. Upset by her husband's arguments, she goes once more to Jack Allingham in a half-fainting condition; she drinks champagne on an empty stomach, and, not to put too fine a point on it, she gets intoxicated. In this condition she implores Jack Allingham to run away with her. Not a nice woman this, and yet, upon my soul, the dramatist makes us forgive her! Apparently he forgives her himself, for he lets her fall into the hands of the wife of a worthy bishop, who is going to spread her immaculate reputation over Theo's peccadilloes and gradually restore her in the public credit. I am always wondering why this fine play, *The Benefit of the Doubt*, has never been revived. I suppose we must wait until the National Theatre is established before we can hope to see it again. The first and second acts are masterpieces.



But let us continue with *Iris*. *Iris* Bellamy, according to her own account, is more sinned against than sinning. She is left a widow at a very early age, with a certain fortune, which she is to resign if she marries again. Round her are at least three men—Croker Harrington (who perhaps does not count, for he is a faithful, dog-like creature); Laurence Trenwith, an impetuous young man, with whom she is sincerely in love; and the Mephistopheles of the piece, Frederick Maldonado, a hard, wealthy, masterful financier. Now, *Iris* cannot be straight with any of these. She cannot make up her mind to live in poverty abroad with Laurence Trenwith. Poor Croker hardly enters into her calculations. Suddenly she is herself confronted with poverty, owing to the ill-doings of a rascally attorney; and this is Maldonado's chance. He leaves a cheque-book with her, and she makes use of it. He prepares a beautifully furnished flat for her, leaving the key with her, and eventually she drifts in to accepting it. Then Trenwith returns, and she tells him the whole story, expecting him to forgive her. Immensely hurt at his refusal to have anything to do with her, both hurt and surprised, she is left to Maldonado's mercy; and because he has discovered the intrigue between *Iris* and Trenwith, she is finally driven out into the streets. You will say that she is punished, and terribly punished. It is quite true. The point is that we are genuinely sorry for her. And yet could there be a more worthless woman? Was she wicked, or merely weak? We really cannot say. Perhaps she was what Paula was originally before she commenced her career as a courtesan. But the case stands as it does with Sophy Fullgarney in *The Gay Lord Quex*, whom the hero very justly describes as a cat which scratches the hand that tries to

pet it. Yet Sophy Fullgarney becomes in the sequel a quite estimable character, although she is a mean, despicable spy. And *Iris*, too, lives in our memory, although she is quite non-moral, perhaps even basely immoral. Need I add the instance of Paula Tanqueray? Did she ever love Aubrey Tanqueray? I think not. I think she only cared for comfort, for the satisfaction of living in a proper home, of being respected as a legitimate wife. She betrays her husband at every point. Capriciousness is the least of her vices. She asks her disreputable friends to stay with her. Even if she had won the love of her step-daughter, Ellean, it is doubtful if she would have known what to do with it. And yet—and yet—we are more than a little inclined to forgive Paula Tanqueray, although she had absolutely ruined a good man, and brought positive agony to his daughter. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil;" that is the dramatist's lesson. Or perhaps it is only an illustration of the famous text, "To know all is to pardon all." Pinero has made us understand his women, and though our judgment and our commonsense rebel, we are sympathetically interested in them, and inclined to grant them plenary absolution.

We have yet to see how the progress of realism in drama has manifested itself among our latest contemporary writers, and especially among such dramatists as Mr. George Bernard Shaw—who is in some respects perhaps too fantastic to be called a realist—Mr. St. John Hankin, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Stanley Houghton. I hope hereafter to find an opportunity of dealing with some of the most modern developments. In the present instance it seemed worth while to spend some little time over a period, which means more perhaps to the

middle-aged man than it does to the more youthful of our contemporaries, and especially over the work of Sir Arthur Pinero, whom this present age, a little fickle and oblivious of what has been done in the past, has begun somewhat ungratefully to disparage.

But before I end, I must go back to a point which was alluded to in my first paper, and which indeed is suggested by movements that are going on all round us, both in literary and dramatic art. We have been living under the tyranny of realism for some years past, and in some respects I think the dominion of realistic modes of thought has become an obsession. If I confine myself to what realism means in drama, I should say that its tendency is to lead us straight to pessimism, to that characteristically sombre and gloomy pessimism which has invaded foreign literatures even more than our own, and of which the Russian literature affords us admirable specimens. Why should realism lead to pessimism? The answer is quite simple, and also instructive. The realistic treatment of human character lays stress on the individual, his rights, his claims, his sorrows, his passions, all that he demands of life and all that life seems to deny him. Now, despite the teaching of Ibsen, the individual is not always right as against society, nor does ultimate wisdom reside with the minority as against the majority. The individual by himself is a weak and feeble thing, and the enumeration of his particular grievances distorts the proper perspective of human existence in general and depreciates the average health and sanity of the social state. Reflecting on his personal woes, the individual naturally becomes a pessimist; or, if we may put it in another way, selfishness, a narrow absorbing egotism, is the root of all evil. At all events our realists, both in literature and in

drama, exhaust themselves in denouncing the injustice and the hopelessness of human life, because they persist in taking the standpoint of the acutely sensitive individual instead of regarding such matters from an objective or world standpoint.

One of the best ways of trying to discover the tendencies of a particular movement amongst ourselves is to see what is happening in foreign literatures. The Russian literature is very apt for this purpose, and, as we are aware, modern Russian literature has been not incorrectly described as "pessimism devoid of humor." I will not take such well-known writers as Tolstoy, Gorky, Dostoleffsky. I will only mention one of the modern novelists, Artzybascheff. His most recent novel, entitled *At the Utmost Limit*, has no other theme than to portray the black night, the utter and irremediable senselessness of all earthly existence, and to suggest suicide as the only panacea for human ill. Nevertheless, what is happening even in Russia, the home of pessimism? There is a school of younger writers who, in reaction from this state of things, might almost be described as optimist. Something of the same sort has been happening among ourselves.

There are only two ways of waking from the nightmare of realism when pushed to its extreme of egotistic mania. One is the way of symbolism, the way of dreams. You may tell yourself that the only means to discover the mystery of the universe, and to reconcile the contradictions and disorders of life, is to shut your eyes to the ordinary world and throw the reins on the neck of imagination and fancy, living in the mystic's paradise, finding an ideal happiness in a world within the four walls of human consciousness. That is what Maeterlinck does in some of his plays. Many hints of the same

kind of thing are to be found in Ibsen, who, as his life progressed, grew to be more and more fond of symbols. In a certain fashion also the Celtic mode of thought of Yeats and other writers of the Irish school affords another illustration. Mysticism then is one of the modes of reaction, which come easy to some dreaming minds, a mysticism which may be ascetic or may be sensuous, but which is at all events wholly imaginative. I am not sure that it is the more hopeful or the more effective path to lead us out of our swamp of despair.

There is another way. You may choose not to ignore the evils of life, but you may study them, just as the physician and the surgeon study all the morbid growths of mental and corporeal life. By a close study of the dreadful foe you may in the end master the secret of his destructive power, and, perchance, you may come upon this discovery, that the evils of life do not flow from the nature of things, but from human blindness, from human selfishness, from precisely that lack of cohesion amongst the various members of the human family which alone can raise them to higher levels of culture and happiness. If men were more sensitive to each other's feelings, if they could understand one another better, they would cease to deplore their own sufferings and find that life in the larger sense, a corporate life of consenting human

individualities, contains within itself potentialities of real happiness. *La joie de vivre*, which is distinguished by narrow egotism, may burst out afresh in altruistic aims, in the efforts of a community to purge itself of its maladies, in its resolute concerted striving towards an exalted goal. Quite elementary and simple things, like pity, and affection, and love, supply us with materials, not for walling and misery, but for a rich contentment and a serene peace. And so from the realism of dreadful facts we get to the idealism of simple emotions, the discovery that man is not by nature depraved, but by nature good and filled with the joy of life, finding in love and human service the satisfaction alike of his heart and his head. Perhaps before that morrow dawns man must needs pass through the valley of the shadow of doubt and despair. But he may win the happy secret at last, and, if I may judge once more from the tendencies of Russian literature, and from the work especially of the young writer Alexis Remizoff, it is thus that we may find the path towards our future deliverance. We shall not be untrue to life; we shall not close our eyes to the existence of evil; but having once grappled with the malady of pessimistic selfishness we shall discover how the idealism of simple things can, as though by magic, make us healthful and sane.

W. L. Courtney.

The Fortnightly Review.

## COLOR-BLIND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

### CHAPTER XIV.

The day before Clive Somerton was to sail for India he broke faith with himself. Despite what he had regarded as an irrevocable resolve, he telegraphed to Mrs. Fleetwood: "Are you

at home this afternoon?"—and prepaid the reply. "Yes, do come," was the answer, and then perversely he wished it had been "No."

His defeat was brought about by a letter from a brother officer received

by that week's mail, full of a threatening of trouble on the frontier, and the regiment's chances of selection for active service should an expedition prove necessary. Of course in such an event his projected visit to England next spring with the Rotah Rajah must be abandoned, and all idea of leave relegated to the uncertain future. And in face of his reasoning and calm decision he caught at the excuse for capitulation, vindicating his own weakness with sophistries that carried no inner conviction, till finally he met the truth—that a strong desire for one more sight of Fay Fleetwood's face was the sole reason that impelled him to make this tiresome little journey, on a bitterly cold afternoon, even though, as is ever the case on the eve of a voyage, he had a hundred small matters yet to settle. While still vowing to himself that no hint of the tenor of his feelings should escape him, he felt reluctant to leave England, now that his absence might be indefinitely extended, without bidding this girl farewell. After that he would count upon time to dispel the inquietude she had evoked in his breast.

When he was shown into the drawing-room he hardly knew whether he was relieved or disappointed to find only Isabel and her mother seated there. In any case a dull depression descended upon him, and he responded with conscious effort to Mrs. Fleetwood's cordiality. As he entered she threw aside a letter she was reading, and rose with evident pleasure.

"This is good of you, Captain Somerton! I am sorry to say my poor husband is in bed with what the doctor thinks may be influenza if it isn't Indian fever, so I didn't even tell him you were coming—I knew how disappointed he would be not to see you. He was very restless all last night, but he is having a comfortable sleep now."

Somerton expressed his regret, and

they all abused the English climate which they blamed for Mr. Fleetwood's indisposition.

"And Marion, too, was dreadfully sorry to be obliged to keep an engagement this afternoon. It was one she could not very well break."

"Of course not!" he said conventionally.

Isabel now rescued the letter that had fallen inside the fender. "And I ought to have been in London 'taking up' a cook's character for Mother this afternoon! But I couldn't resist staying in to see you!" she said, and added, smiling, "Now we shall probably lose the chance of securing a perfect treasure, or be obliged to engage the writer of this," she held up the sheet of paper scrawled with illiterate handwriting, "which begins 'Dear Madman, This comes hopping you are not sooted,' and ends 'Yours respectively!'"

Somerton laughed, but Mrs. Fleetwood sighed. "No one knows what I suffer with these people!" she said. "But don't let us mention them. Now tell me—" and she began to ask questions.

He replied patiently, and inquired politely, in his turn, without voicing the one question he really wished to hear answered. He regarded Isabel and thought her altered in appearance; she was surely thinner, a little faded, what is described as "going off." Mrs. Fleetwood, too, had aged perceptibly, but then it was more than two years since their last meeting, and people must be expected to change with time. Then he glanced round the room, receiving an impression of comfort and color due in part to the beautiful Indian carpet and to Mrs. Fleetwood's cherished native embroideries, carvings, and brasswork. In England she was permitted to display them without opposition from her elder daughters; and indeed so handsome of their kind

were these possessions that to banish them would have seemed inexcusable.

The talk continued. Mrs. Fleetwood was interested as well as concerned to hear of the possibility of what her visitor called "a scrimmage on the frontier." She was sorry he might not be coming home in the spring with the young Rajah, and she and Isabel wondered if the Rani would accompany her husband.

"I expect he will bring her with him, especially as I hear the Mummoo-bibi is dead!" said Somerton. "I am sure nobody will regret her. I don't know what she died of. I should think probably somebody poisoned her. I wonder it did not happen long ago."

"It will do the Rani good to come home," said Mrs. Fleetwood. "Poor little creature, she was sadly behind the times. Of course it was a great disadvantage to Rotah having inherited so unexpectedly, and when he was no longer a child—and she suffered too. I always felt sorry for them both."

"Well, at any rate, Rotah is doing his best to make up for lost time. He's working hard at College and shaping just as well as I always hoped and expected he would—"

Then Somerton grew restive, wondering if Fay was on guard in her father's room, remembering that last time he was here he had sat with her in the dining-room. Perhaps she was in the dining-room now, busy over something. He watched the door, while Mrs. Fleetwood made further remarks and the time ticked away in the warm drawing-room.

Finally he said, "Where is Miss Fay? Is she out too?"

Mrs. Fleetwood and Isabel both looked at the clock.

"Oh! Fay ought to have been back by this time," Isabel told him. "She said we were to be sure and keep you if she was at all late. She goes up to

London every day over her stupid typewriting."

"Typewriting? How do you mean?"

"Fay has taken a craze into her head to train for a secretaryship!" It was still Isabel who answered him. "We think it such ridiculous nonsense, but she will have her own way. She is doing a course of typewriting and shorthand. She began it a few days ago."

Annoyance at the thought of Fay, dainty, dreamy, fastidious, slaving at a typewriting machine, scribbling shorthand, held the man silent, the very words called up for him, living as he had done so far from the busy London world, visions of "dreadful girls," "not ladies," who would probably be her companions in work, and he was filled with disapprobation. Surely such a proceeding was totally uncalled for, most unwise. What were her parents about to allow such a thing?

"She says she must have occupation," went on Isabel, of course unconscious of his feelings, "and I daresay she is right in a way. You see, she doesn't care much for going out. She's not like other girls in that respect."

"Nowadays so many nice girls do a little something for pocket money, though that's not exactly Fay's object," said Mrs. Fleetwood in plaintive apology. "I pointed out that there was no need for her to do anything of the sort. We aren't so poverty-stricken as all that!"

She smiled in her old placid manner, but there was little response in Somerton's face. He drank his tea in discontented silence, then said rather abruptly that he feared he could stay no longer. It was much later than he thought; he had to dine at a Club with a couple of friends, men of his regiment, who were also at home; he had business letters to write and various things to do before he dined.



Mrs. Fleetwood went to the window and drew aside the blind. "I can't understand Fay being so late," she said anxiously. "She wanted to see you, Captain Somerton."

"Well, it's no use looking out into the back garden, Mother!" observed Isabel. "She must have been delayed at the office for some reason. She's so keen on the work she forgets all about time."

Mrs. Fleetwood turned again, troubled, into the room. Somerton was standing as though to take his leave. "I must go, really!" he said with genuine regret.

"It is a pity! Still, I know what it is when one is just starting for India. Good-bye, then, Captain Somerton. Come and see us when you get home again, won't you? I expect we shall be here. The house suits us, and we like the space and the fresh air. Anyway the Bullens will always tell you where to find us. They have bought a house here and are quite settled. So nice for us! . . . Good-bye. You may meet Fay on your way to the station."

"I hope so, I will look out for her." And with further speeches on both sides, he went.

He did meet Fay on his way to the station. They met face to face under a road lamp that illuminated her charming, clear-cut face and eyes of soft-grey-blue. Fur came up to the pointed chin, and touched the little pink ears, and round her toque was fur that mingled lightly with her hair.

Her right hand came out of her muff. "Oh! Captain Somerton, then I have missed you after all!"

"Not quite! I stayed as long as I dared, hoping you might come in." He held her hand in his. "I hear you are hard at work." He said it grudgingly, though he smiled down at her, and his eyes reminded Fay of the morning when he had come round the

shoulder of the hillside and halted, looking at her, saying: "Hullo, little lady! You are up early."

Oh! how that morning, and others like it, came back to her as she stood on the damp asphalt footpath beneath the lamp in the biting chill of the winter evening; frost and fog in the air; people hurrying homewards to their firesides on foot, on bicycles, in trams, passing and re-passing like ghosts in the gloom. Again she saw the sparkling sunshine, the wonderful sky, so blue, so clear, the blinding glory of the snows, the purple, sultry valleys. And this man before her was going back to it all; how she envied him! back to the light and the warmth and the independence, to the reality of sights and sounds and scents that haunted her dreams. She fought against the wave of yearning that surged through her heart.

"Oh! yes," she said cheerily. "I'm hard at work, and I like it. I like the regularity and the purpose. I believe I'm a born servant. I hope when my course is finished I shall get an interesting billet."

He hated the thought that she should work for a wage. It appeared to him unsuitable, altogether wrong. He said crossly: "It seems very unnecessary!"

She gazed at him in reproach. "Oh! how unkind of you. Why shouldn't I work if I want to! You are as bad as Marion and Isabel."

He felt provoked with himself and with her, goaded because he loved her and did not want to love her.

"I suppose it's difficult to realize that you are grown up and can take care of yourself," he said rather petulantly.

She retorted with mischievous intent. "Yes, I daresay from your point of view I am not much more than a child, just as from my point of view you are very nearly an old man!"

He laughed, recovering his temper, repenting his impatience, regretting most sorely that he had to leave her.

"All right—we'll continue the quarrel when I come back from India, though when that will be I don't know now. I may not be coming home next year after all."

He paused, scanning her face with wistful attention, but he saw only frank, impersonal concern for his own inconvenience, nothing more.

"Oh! what a pity!" she said with ready sympathy. "Why is it?"

He told her, and as he spoke a clock somewhere near chimed out the hour. It was imperative that he should hurry. . . . Oh! why could he not take her with him, out of this cold and darkness, and dulness of life! It was too late, he could say nothing; he could see she had no thought of him save as a pleasant acquaintance. He must wait—wait and take his chance.

A tram came rolling by, ablaze with light, filled with people. In a moment his farewell was over, cut short most unromantically as he darted forward to clutch the brass bar together with other desperate passengers, and to struggle inside the car through a resisting mass of knees and boots whose owners seemed to prefer the risk of any injury rather than budge one inch further up the seats.

Fay went on her way smiling. Captain Somerton was a dear man. She liked him so much, and remembered his curious agate-green eyes, and thought how nice and friendly he had always been. Lucky creature to be off to-morrow for India! She envied him; though, thank goodness, she had at last discovered a palliative for discontentment and depression, in work, work—work with a definite purpose, not merely the maintaining of an accomplishment that could lead to no useful achievement. Since pursuing this line for herself she had been con-

scious of mental refreshment, a bracing of spirit, a hopeful feeling of security against the heart-hunger for India that threatened at times to cloud her whole existence. . . . She began to recall to-day's happenings—her success at one point, her failure at another, the ill-temper of her instructress over nothing, the woman's patience over real aggravation. How one handsome, red-haired girl had of a sudden revolted and cried out against a future of drudgery, had flung her papers on the ground, pushed aside her typewriting machine, and babbled tempestuously concerning theatres and suppers, pleasures and pretty things only awaiting those who had the pluck and the sense to take them!—and when she was gone, and the bang of the door and the echo of her resentful yet triumphant voice had died away, a blight seemed to fall on some of the girls—those who in all probability could look forward to nothing better than a slow sacrifice of looks and health and laughter in return for such wage as would enable them just to live—certainly no more. A sad, feeble murmur of discouragement had rumbled round the room before the machines began to tick again, and close work enforced the silence of concentration. . . .

That evening Marion returned in high spirits from a large tea party given by Mrs. de Wick at a fashionable and expensive hotel-restaurant. She changed into a tea gown and sat with her father until dinner time, giving him a lively description of the afternoon, though purposely she omitted one incident. She asked, when she came down stairs, if the Indian mail was in. "Dad says it's due to-night, and he's longing for the *Pioneer Mail*. No, it had not come. Isabel thought it would probably arrive by the last post."

"I brought him a late paper," said

Marion, "that will keep him going for the present."

As they finished dinner the postman knocked with his customary violence and pushed something into the letter box. It proved to be the Indian paper—no letters, nothing else. Mrs. Fleetwood took the paper up stairs, unopened, to her husband. She would sit with him, she said, and read him all the Indian news. Fay elected to go to bed, she was tired. Therefore Marion and Isabel had the drawing-room to themselves. The fire burned brightly. They did not trouble to turn on the lights, and Marion in her amber-colored tea-gown stretched herself with lazy contentment on the sofa that had a carved sandalwood screen for background. The firelight burnished her bright hair, and made flickering reflections in the brass tea-table beside the couch. Had she put down her feet they would have rested on a tawny tiger skin. Isabel, regarding her sister with affectionate admiration, was reminded of an Alma-Tadema painting.

The warm silence of the room was very peaceful. Marion broke it with a sort of question that, like a riddle, few people attempt to answer. "Who do you think I saw to-day?"

Naturally Isabel demanded "Who?" with no intention of guessing.

"Sir Rowland Curtice."

"Oh! the pig. What did he say?"

"I didn't give him a chance of saying much!" was Marion's somewhat vicious reply. "He came with the Crambs. You know—those people who give such enormous dinner parties at the Carlton, and all that sort of thing, to everybody they meet. Mrs. de Wick rushes at them whenever she sees them anywhere, and she pushed me into the thick of the Crambs's party this afternoon. I found myself sitting next to Sir Rowland Curtice! He said, 'I think we met in India.' I

stared at him and said, 'Perhaps in India I should recognize you again,' as if I had never seen him before in my life. Then I got up and sat in another place well away from him. Then Aunt B. turned up and was very gushing and confidential, and would you believe it Sir Rowland came forward and joined us, and told her he had stayed with us in India, and how kind we had been to him! Afterwards Aunt B. gave me such a scolding because she said I had snubbed him, and she thought it so stupid of me when he was a great catch, and so evidently taken with me. I was so amused."

"Did you tell him where we lived?"

"Good gracious!—I should think not!" Marion gazed into the fire, musing, with a contemplative smile. The situation that had arisen with regard to Sir Rowland Curtice was sharply apparent to her and promised some entertainment. She felt sure he would make an attempt to follow up their meeting sooner or later. Attraction that battled with reluctance had shown in his pebbly eyes, and she divined that though no doubt he still preened himself on having eluded her wiles in India, he yet felt drawn towards her, beholding her once more, allured again by all that had pleased him in her formerly—her handsome face and figure, her calm self-possession, her ready tongue. Though the remembrance of their last interview must surely rankle in his mind, perhaps at the same time it lent spice to the re-encounter! She felt that her present attitude towards him had stirred his sluggish emotions. Probably he had expected her to be more than friendly, seeing that here she was in England, and still *Miss Fleetwood*! Purposely Marion had balked and provoked him even apart from her indignation at his insolence, displaying an indifference towards him that was indeed most genuine.

Perhaps in consequence of this afternoon's event Marion's thoughts now turned, and turned more warmly, to the memory of Tom Gray. Tom Gray was coming home for Christmas, as he had promised he would do when he rode away through the mango grove that bright Indian morning. How long ago that seemed! It would be nice to see him again. At any rate nobody could accuse Tom Gray of being worldly, or heartless, or selfish. How refreshing after the company to which by this time she was accustomed, to which she had deliberately attached herself, trading on her good looks and attractive manners, yet feeling mean, and small, and unworthy all the time.

Isabel dozed. The fire burned low. Marion was so wholly given over to her own thoughts that time, at the moment, hardly existed for her, and she did not know her mother had come into the drawing-room until the lights were turned up without warning, and Mrs. Fleetwood said: "Why are you sitting in the dark?"

She came towards the fireplace with the newspaper from India in her hand.

"How's Dad?" said Isabel. She sat up and blinked in the glare of the electric light.

"Better, I think. But we've both been so upset by a piece of news in the *Pioneer Mail*, and you will be shocked too, both of you. Poor Mr. Gray is dead—Tom Gray! I can hardly believe it when I remember how well and cheery he was that last Christmas when we were all in camp together. And he was just coming home, too?"

"Oh! Mother, how dreadful! What happened—does it say?" Isabel rose swiftly and put out all the lights but the one behind the carved sandalwood screen. Marion had not spoken; she lay quite still on the sofa.

"Why have you put the lights out?" complained Mrs. Fleetwood.

The Times.

"There was such a glare. It hurt my eyes after the darkness."

Mrs. Fleetwood sat down on the chair Isabel had left.

"It is so sad about poor Mr. Gray. It was a fall from his horse, poor fellow." She turned over the pages of the paper. "Where was it?—I can't see with so little light. Isabel—turn up the one near me."

Marion moved. Then she got up from the sofa.

"I am going to bed," she said, and walked out of the room, with slow, even steps.

When the door closed behind her sister Isabel turned on the lights. Mrs. Fleetwood found the paragraph and read it aloud. Tom Gray's death had been commonplace and sudden. The horse had put its foot into a rat hole and turned head over heels. Tom Gray's neck was broken when they picked him up.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" Mrs. Fleetwood repeated, her kind blue eyes full of tears. "How sad! Isabel—" she paused.

"Yes, Mother?"

"Marion did not seem to mind. Did you notice it? Strictly between ourselves, dear, I have now and then wondered if she did care for him a little? Marion is not of a very affectionate nature I know, but she always seemed to me to like him better than any of the other men. He would have made a very good husband, though of course the Police is not a very well paid service. I must say I was surprised at the way she took the bad news."

Isabel was not at all surprised. She knew her sister better than the mother knew her daughter. She knew that the one soft spot for any man in the world in Marion's heart had all at once become an aching, tender wound that now only the years and her courage could heal.

(To be continued)

## IN THE WAKE OF THE WESTERN SHEEP.

To the idyllic mind the sheep is the symbol of innocence, gentle and trustful, and is emblematic of all things sweetly pastoral; to the naturalist it is *Ovis laticaudatus*, herbivorous mammal of the *Ruminantia* order, highly interesting in its four-stomached physiological structure, &c., &c.; to the woolman or the dealer it represents merely so many pounds avoirdupois of hirsute fibre or of human food; but to me, while associated with the animal in life, it was but a brute, a tiresome, bleaty, stupid, troublesome brute, upon four rambling dust-raising feet. Picture yourself linked to three thousand and odd half-bred Merino mutt-tons, as it behoves a lone camp-herder to be, day and night, week in, week out, for months at a stretch, in the heat of a south-western American summer, and then size up your impression of the sheep. It will perhaps coincide with mine.

At times I try to imagine I am something of a philosopher, but when I found myself set down, ten miles from human habitation, right on the expansive bosom of an undulating wilderness, in company with those Merinos, and when I contemplated the meagreness of my seven-foot tent, with its contents of one miniature cook-stove, one child's size sleeping-cot, and a limited selection of plain food stores as a set-off to the grand howling lonesomeness of that skyline-framed picture, I much doubted if I was of the Stoic school at least. Marooned! That word tersely expressed my feelings on the situation as I looked about me and saw the white top of the prairie schooner which had conveyed my modest camping outfit to the spot rapidly sinking hull-down on the distant horizon, on its return to headquarters. After all, man is for the

most part a socially inclined gregarious animal; and even the sight of my woolly companions, alive and numerous as they were, scattered over about half a mile of the unlimited leagues of scenery, did not afford me much comfort. Though I had been somehow pitchforked into the position of their guardian, I was but a short time out of the city, and as yet I knew but little of matters ovine, nor had I yet learned to love the creatures. Moreover, I was a stranger to the remote melancholy and the slow and simple life of the wild and woolly west. In Wyoming and certain other western American States there is a law prohibiting solitary sheep-herding. It appears to have been found that the solitary life had a tendency to cause deterioration or disturbance of the grey matter in the brains of some who followed the occupation too long at a time. Statistics do not chronicle the exact form of insanity with which the unfortunate are prone to be afflicted, nor do they give, as the actual reason of the trouble, the isolation and monotony of the existence, nor do they state if the close and constant association with the sheep itself has anything to do with the matter. "A man is part of all that he has seen." With such continuous juxtaposition to sheep, and seeing so much of them, to the exclusion of everything else—having them rubbed into him, in fact, for it must be realized that the herder on the plains is always practically in their midst, even having to sleep so close to them that the sound of their habitual sniffings and coughings and sputterings hangs ever in his ear,—is it not just reasonable to suppose that his mind may, after awhile, take on a touch of their supreme imbecility? If this latter is really in any way accountable for the



insanity alleged, it would be interesting to know if the superlative silliness of the half-bred Merino is not, to a higher degree than that of some other strains, contagious to the human, or if the complaint developed therefrom is any more hopeless in its nature.

Two weeks of herding in the immediate neighborhood of the ranch, and a couple of count-outs during that period, had satisfied the owners that I might be relied upon as a flock-master, for the countings had proved eminently satisfactory. My private opinion was that this was due more to chance, or the design of a kind Providence, than to my own merits as a shepherd. On several occasions I had, as I thought, folded the flock all right at dusk, when I found to my horror five hundred or so that I had inadvertently let stray from the main gang during the day come rolling home on their own account in the small hours of the morning. Thirty-five hundred is a lot of sheep. Even the skilled Mexican considers it so, and protests that such a number is "too *mucho mucho carneros*" for one man. When they get spread in skirmishing array, in their deployed files and strings, and their clusters, squads, and outposts, over their grazing territory, especially where there are any brush coverts, it takes a more experienced eye than mine to judge if all are there. Some border Mexicans allege that they can tell each individual sheep in a big flock, after being a few days in charge. A personal acquaintance, however, with the character of the individual Greaser making, such assertion is absolutely necessary ere allowing his statement to go on record as a fact. The herder of that ilk is wont, as a class, to handle the truth somewhat carelessly, or, as the cowboy graphically puts it, "A durned Greaser can turn loose a lie big enough to wear a brand." Still trusting to

luck to vouchsafe a continuance of pastoral assistance, I had kept my own counsel about things, and had retained my job. Then the lone camp idea had been suddenly sprung on me, and here I was. After a little thought bestowed on the matter, I decided that it was useless for me to aspire to proficiency in the art of learning to tell sheep apart. My talents, I felt, did not lie in that line, and I feared that my span of life might perhaps be all too short to enable me to graduate in the art. There are slight variations among these creatures, of course, and in his idle moments the lone shepherd may fall to studying for amusement their physiognomies while they are nibbling round him, and trying to find here and there a resemblance to people whom he has known. Then when he runs across the same animal on another day, he feels as though he was meeting with an acquaintance, and wants to nod and smile.

There is, in this proceeding, a feeling of the "society where none intrudes," and it gives him a mild form of interest in the personalities of the flock. Every shepherd invariably believes this practice to be a strictly novel invention of his own, until he finds out from some other herder to whom he is imparting the idea that he too has done the identical thing. It is not unlikely that this innocent pastime is as ancient as the land of the Perizzites and the herders of Lot. In the course of several weeks with my flock, I found several dozen that I could identify by face and name, but in those battalions and squadrons of mutton it was hard to chance upon them very often. If in his calling, in order to doctor or otherwise attend to any particular animal, the shepherd needs to find it again, it is well to simplify matters by crippling it slightly, if possible, by means of an accurately discharged chunk of rock or other missile,

thereby imparting to it a distinguishable bobbing gait easily detectable by the eye. Such at least was the simple recipe once given to me by a brother pastor, who felt himself, no doubt, far enough removed from the supervision of his employer, or the vigilance of the S. P. C. A., to use it himself. Personally I considered this a drastic and inhumane measure, only to be introduced in extreme cases, and with specially aggravating and habitually straying sinners.

In my bunch there were a few sheep on whom nature had already set her distinguishing seal by darker coloring, brown patch, or deformity. On taking charge of the drove, I was given to understand that by close attention to these it could be ascertained if one were losing any. The scheme was not a success. Having duly made myself familiar with those ringed, mottled, and streaked, I was morally persuaded, for a solid week, that I was dropping sheep to an enormous extent; I could never see half of these any more; and on the hunt for one or other of them I put in some exceedingly weary times of scouring the countryside with an assiduity worthy of Jason in his quest for the Golden Fleece, only to find in the end that the supposed wanderers had made no further escape than that of my own observation, having never been really gone at all. From a few such desultory trips I deduced the moral that the sheep should be taken in the abstract, and that the fewer one knew as entities the better for one's peace of mind. Most animals anyhow which needed looking after, for accidental lacerations or abrasions, were generally in the drag of the drive, and could readily be found when the shepherd in his veterinary capacity wished to apply his one and only stocked cure and panacea for ovine ills, cresylic salve. The catching of fairly hale and hearty sheep in big

corrals is oftentimes troublesome to the inexperienced. In these latitudes of lassoes it is presumed that everybody can snare, when he so desires, anything on four legs, be it couchant, marchant, or moving at the velocity of a shooting-star, provided he can get within rope's-length. The fact is quite forgotten or overlooked that a person may have been reared in a city where the catching of a train or an omnibus may have been essential to the prosecution of his business, but the mystic circling of lariat loop an art of cunning he could dispense with. Each lisping male child of the South-Western ranch, just as soon as he is able to toddle into the vicinity of a decrepit duck or a sick kitten, commences practice in roping. From his first efforts with his piece of string he continues through a graded series of puppy-dogs, lambs, calves, yearlings, and so on, till, by the time he has arrived at man's estate, he can at headlong gallop twine the biggest, wildest thing that wears hair, by neck, horns, or feet, and hogtie it down without help. In lieu of the time-honored orthodox crook, the shepherd here has forty feet of hempen rope, with a nice noose adjustment, handed to him in a matter-of-course way, as though he might be about to take a prominent part in a lynching drama. All untutored as I then was in rope work, I may still unboastingly say that I could catch sheep even in my earliest attempts. Indeed when the animals were well packed, I could catch quite a number, frequently as many as fifteen or a score, in one cast of my mighty all-embracing mesh. My difficulty was to learn how to disentangle myself, and the other superfluous fourteen or nineteen ensnared strugglers, and still retain the one of my aim and selection. In the *mêlées* ensuing upon my more comprehensive throws, the situations and poses in which I sometimes had the

misfortune to find myself were alike undignified and trying.

The life, or, if you will, the vegetating process that goes to make up the round of existence of the solitary pastor, is not complex. It is rather the acme of simplicity. His tent is pitched right by the fold, which is constructed of brush just high enough to make the inmates believe that they have got somewhere and are enclosed for the night. At the first streak of pale cold dawn he leaves his cot-bed, which he stows out of the way as he clears the decks for rudimentary cookery. If there is no dew on the grass, he can at once turn out his charges on their day's rambles, while he has his meal. Dew is considered here to be harmful to the feet of the sheep, and it has, moreover, a tendency to cause them to keep travelling instead of getting down to their legitimate occupation of feeding. There are few shepherds who are not conscientiously mindful of this precautionary measure with regard to the feet of the sheep, for they find it saves their own at the sametime. When the flock has got fairly scattered, or is getting a good way off, their tender quits camp and follows on, and constitutes himself a peripatetic boundary for the day. In many parts of the American south that supposed universal adjunct of the shepherd,—the dog,—is dispensed with. The owners of the sheep seldom furnish it to a white man, and never at all if the herder be a Mexican. They have found that many are apt to abuse the sheep by injudicious dogging. As a matter of fact, the dog himself is often the chief offender, he being an underbred, with little about him of the grand sagacity of the Scottish collie. During the heat of the day he is given to secluding himself in the privacy of a mudhole, wholly indifferent to his master's efforts to whistle him to the scene of action.

The same dog, when he is on hand, and has undertaken some piece of work, cannot be induced to desist till he has had his run out, and has got the flock belter-skeltering in nervous panic to all the points of the compass. Mine had these sins of omission and commission fully developed. Through the day he was a systematic shade-hunter and amphibian, only on view at intervals. When he emerged, a fearsome sight, from his red mudholes, with his long coat matted with mire, the sheep fled from him in panic terror. By shearing him closely I corrected his wallowing habit to some extent, and by an unsparing use of a supple sprout I further brought him under control. But withal, even when on his best behavior, he would have been a discard on any hillside of Caledonia. In justice to his owners I may say that he had only been supplied at my special request, and upon arrangement that he was to be killed or cured. I reconciled my conscience to the fulfilling of my part of the contract by doing a little of both.

It is also the exception for a herder to be provided with a pony, plentiful as these are. Most ranchers hold firmly to the belief that a herder should travel afoot, the idea being that the comparatively inferior agility of the biped is less liable to overdo that of the sheep, or knock it out of condition by rapidity of movement. It was at first recommended from headquarters that I adopt moral suasion and the guiding and befriending system of herding, and that instead of driving, dogging, or otherwise licking the sheep into shape, I should get the things to centre their affections upon me and have them amenable to soothing call, and ready to follow lovingly as I strolled, Corydon fashion, at their head, piping them daintily o'er hill and dale. A sweetly pretty picture, but my experience was that it would not

do in practice. My predecessor on the job had not hailed from Arcady, and had taken full advantage of the inherent timidity of these creatures. By dint of rough treatment, surprise sorties, weird and unholy cries, and promiscuous pistol-shots, he had got them assured that man was not an animal whose near acquaintance it was well to cultivate. The task of converting them, after his ministrations, to millennium ways, I soon discovered was beyond my abilities, so I confined my attention to the inventing and perfecting of novel and startling screeches to be introduced in order to save my steps when by reason of private engagements the dog was off duty.

How these Merino sheep would act in a cool climate I cannot say. Throughout my reign the atmosphere was torrid, and the sun streamed down with scorching rays that searched for and easily found me and my woolly subjects on that scantily shaded expanse, and scorched us to a frizzle. During the greater part of the day the creatures were listless and contrary, never exhibiting any rightdown enthusiasm about things mundane save at salting times, when they came to life in a manner that took one's breath away. In the mornings and evenings they displayed a little energy; and in their pen at night, when the prowling coyotes came round, they were galvanized into alarming briskness, their fitful back-and-forward rushes seriously interfering with the slumbers of their shepherd. Some fourscore of them carried bells, by way of intimidating night-marauders; but neither bells nor dog, nor anything I could do in the way of shouts, put a stop to the inroads of the prowlers, who shortly got the length of carrying off or running off the weaklings bodily. When, after a bit, things became too bad, I tried placing my cot in the middle of the pen. I was soon obliged, however, to

give up this plan. The everlasting din of the clashing bells, the short scared bleats of the sheep, the growling of the dog, who never could be induced to tackle a coyote, and the eerie croakings of expectant buzzards in the blackness overhead, made my rest hours a sleepless nightmare. The precaution was, besides, of no effect, for the artful thieves managed to get their nightly toll of one of the flock, which they devoured a short distance from the pen, the scrap remains of the feast being cleaned up for breakfast by the buzzards. Ere long the camp became quite a popular restaurant for beasts and birds of prey. Only the introduction of a shot-gun from headquarters, and the illumination of the surroundings with the lantern and a fire kept burning, put an end to the trouble.

Fortunately for sheep-men, the coyote does not go in bands. Though mainly nocturnal in his habits, he is a day prowler to some extent as well, and his slim outline is one of the characteristic features of the less inhabited West. In size and appearance he is a small edition of the wolf, and passes for one, though he is a mere apology, with a pair of jaws, a tail, and a howl designed on a quite disproportionate and altogether unnecessarily generous scale. Remove these three features, and you will be surprised how very little coyote there is left. The residuum consists chiefly of meanness.

After dark, when, like the mocking-bird and the nightingale, he is in best voice, the extraordinary cachinnating, demi-semiquaver, long-drawn out, high-pitched yowl of a lone coyote will suddenly break forth in the stillness within half a dozen rods of camp, electrifying a stranger into the certainty that he is surrounded and that his hour is come. The full hair-raising oratorio chorus performed by a couple of soprano coyotes is a thing which, when once heard, is always

remembered. The favorite gait of the animal is a slink. When a common dog, or even two common dogs, half as big again as he is, set off after him to run him down, the coyote lopes off on a three-legged hirlpe. With his head screwed round over his shoulder watching the progress of the pursuers, he gets over the ground at a remarkable pace. Sometimes the dogs gain on him, and give extra tongue as they feel they are winning and about to destroy him. Then a strange thing happens. The coyote plays trumps. He sits down, merely sits right down on his hindquarters, and gazes abstractedly around. The dogs somehow stop, and proceed no nearer,—that is three times out of four they stop. Should they keep on, the coyote simply picks himself up, and getting four legs into play this time, leaves them hands down. When a coyote, in his daytime circuits, strikes a ranch-house where fowls are kept, and the people are from home, he regales himself, of course, but that is not all. His meal over, he goes to solentific sporting with live hens, tossing them up and catching them in his mouth, apparently to see how often he can do it, and how nearly he can pluck a fowl before a kill. There is a bounty on his head, and he is systematically poisoned or shot, yet he is still to be found in plenty. He is notoriously hard to "spot kill" with a rifle, though he tries to make up to the hunter for this disappointing trait by a way he has, as a ball passes through his deceptive fur, of jumping a couple of cubits heavenward, as though all was over. Even if hit in a vital part, he will frequently do one more three-legged inimitable sprint to where he means to die. The prairie coyote is a genuine humorist, though natural history books do not tell us so.

A sheep-herder in the district of which I write is privileged to eat mutton at his discretion. Not very much

advantage, however, is taken of the prerogative, the operation of butchering involving trouble, and the meat, of course, in the prevailing high temperature, keeping but a short time. The Mexican will have none of it at all, always insisting on being well supplied with bacon. During an eight months' spell of tent life I more than once ran short of provisions, and until my chuck-box was replenished I had perforce to indulge in mutton diet *ad nauseam*. I consumed the flesh to such an extent, indeed, that for a long time I was almost ashamed to look a sheep square in the face.

Elusive as the mirage of the plains are the charms of pastoral life upon them. On a snap judgment it might be thought that "this our life exempt from public haunt" was an ideal one for lifting a man out of his petty self, and promoting within him a peaceful tranquillity of mind. Nevertheless, lover or worshipper of nature if you be, in order to get the fullest joy out of her that she is capable of yielding, you cannot go into her solitudes and find it in company with a bunch of sheep. The loneliness you may get used to, the primitive you may get used to, and may after a while possibly even enjoy, but the incubus of these ever-present woollies, and some incidentals of attendance upon them, detract over much from the calm. There are many minor troubles and harassments in the life of a herder. One of them is ants. In idle moments, when the flock is resting, and you have nothing to do but loiter in their neighborhood, there is no need of following the good old advice of going to the ant in order to consider her ways. She goes to you and she goes *for* you, and she brings her sisters and her cousins to promenade over you and sample you and help to keep you amused. The earth teems with her. Microscopic, medium, and overgrown.



golden, red, brown, and black, she is everywhere. Select your place and sit down anywhere during the heat of the day, and soon her thin various-hued lines begin to lead up to you from different directions. She bites, and the less visible she is the harder and the more she bites, and the bite is sore. Woe-betide the shepherd of lethargic turn who chances to drop into slumber in one of her extra thickly peopled zones. One heavy sleeper who did so found that his noonday siesta cost him a few days in bed, and much pathological research to allay the inflammation. Unless care is taken, the ant, always accompanied by friends, finds her way into your food, and her aromatic flavor, albeit some tribes of Indians claim it is wholesome and much enjoy it, is purely an acquired taste. It was ever a matter of deep regret with me that I had not acquired it in early life.

Another of the ills incidental to the craft of the gentle tenting shepherd is the dustiness thereof. Thirty-five hundred sheep have fourteen thousand trotters, and these continually tritulating the arid surface of the soil, in the neighborhood of corrals and watering-places particularly, add an alkaline element to the atmosphere that the human lungs were not designed to utilize. As the tent is set so near to the fold, one's food at times is gritty and nasty. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is our decree, yet the surfeited shepherd is at times tempted to think that the thing can be just a little overdone. Then as another disturbance of the even tenor of one's way, there are the roaming prairie cattle. Wild and wanton, yet inquisitive, they come round in the absence of the shepherd: with alert nostril divining they are come into the magic precincts of salt, and that the same is probably sack-enshrined beneath that conical canvas erection,

they make short work of any feeble fence outworks, and proceed to business. By one of nature's inscrutable laws, salt-hungry cattle become at once omnivorous, and will attack cloth, rope, or leather with avidity. Anything else that comes their way, in their search for the coveted salt, has to take its chance. Thus when you arrive home of an evening, and find a section gnawed out of your half-overturned tent, a blanket in a masticated frazzle, your spare boots a partially devoured pulpy wad, and the camp in general indicating the passage of a recent whirlwind, you will know that a cow has called. To safeguard against these cattle, insects, and other depredators, the plan is adopted in many places of substituting a wagon for the tent. Besides being more proof against inroad, it is more reliable in the event of storms, which in their intensity here oftentimes lay a tent low, unless it is extra well guyed. With a wagon on the spot, more frequent moves of camp can be made to get to fresh pasturage and less dust-ridden sites. The caravan of the European gypsy would be a boon to the West.

My own heaviest trials, however, came from two members of the flock itself—two beautiful, silky, milky-white, innocent-looking creatures of the Angora goat family. Popularly believed to possess a certain mascot or healthful virtue, one or more of these animals is sometimes inserted in a band of sheep. Among the dirty grey billows of sheep fleece their snowy forms show up like beacon-lights, for they are always spotless. They are cool and easy-mannered, and seemingly hold their wool-bearing companions somewhat in disdain. When overcrowded in a press in the pen, they will perch on the backs of the sheep or step over them to a more airy point of vantage, the top of the fence by preference. The hours

never hang heavily on the hands of a goat. Seemingly requiring but little grass nourishment as compared with the sheep, they find much leisure, which they spend in inciting to wander, or in stirring up strife and mischief. Ever restless as lost spirits, they will go from bunch to bunch of recumbent ones in the heat of the day, and rout them up for the very fun of the thing. Should the herder leave any article on the ground, and turn his back for a minute, in their nimbly omnipresent way they are on the scene at once to test its edibility. As with the salt-seeking cow, few things, provided they are novelties, come amiss to their palate. A healthy Angora will quit the most succulent herbage any time for a felt hat or a pocket edition of Shakespeare, and then proceed to hunt for a tin can for further sustenance. Their mythical archetype, Pan himself, could hardly have assumed more airs than do they when the flock is strung out on the move. In their regulation post in the van they will lead on tirelessly, mile after mile, just so long as they can get a following, or until their human lieutenant in command takes measures to dissuade them. A mere man need never try to lay hold of the Angora to tie it up or hobble it. When, for the welfare of the sheep and myself, I deemed it essential to curtail the rascally activities of mine, I was engaged for days in active bombardment ere I succeeded in reducing them to the requisite crippled gait at which I was striving. But I did it. "Sermons in stones" are good medicine for a goat. Before the reader condemns the barbarity of this recorded act, let him for a spell experience the unregenerate sinfulness of the Western Angora. It was not until after I had done so myself that I found I had hitherto totally failed to appreciate the significance of the goat as the scriptural

symbol of the left-hand group.

It is good for the lone camper that the weather of the plains stands pretty much at set fair, and permits of so much outdoor life, for his abode, as supplied, is quite insufficient in texture and fixings to give adequate protection when the elements do take to revelling. Here the spring or summer shower is very apt to indulge in horseplay, accompanied by electrical effects and mad wind squalls, finishing up with a grand finale of hail. The dimensions of the hailstones that frequently come hurtling down I could give, were I so minded, for I have taken their measurements, but I prefer not to risk my reputation for veracity. Suffice it to say that on the occasion of my first initiation on that exposed wilderness I would have cheerfully swapped my birthright for the temporary use of a suit of mail. Heavy storms pass freely through old wind-drawn canvas, and within-doors is often nearly as moist as without. The tent is so ridiculously small that the occupant has to learn to stow himself in small compass, but he can solace himself, as he accommodates his extremities and angles into its limitations, with the philosophy of Epictetus, that "it is better that great souls should live in small houses rather than mean slaves lurk in great houses." Besides the need of philosophy to uphold him, the sheep-tender, or tenderfoot, needs a knowledge of cooking, the more the better. No matter how handicapped he may be by culinary inconveniences, no matter how the sheep may want to monopolize him, he must avoid getting lazy or slipshod in his methods. Easygoing fellows get messy and slouchy in a hurry, and put up with any old indigestible horror rather than go to extra trouble. Bacon, beans, dried fruit, and flour are all subject to the chemistry of cooking, and a systematic failure to bring them

under its laws soon results in an interference with the health of the heartiest. Empyæmia, prickly heat, and other complaints which herders are bothered with, originate in the frying-pan and the "pigging" offhand ways very much in vogue. One cooking in the twenty-four hours is made to do. A royal "stodge" in the evening is followed by a scrappy breakfast at dawn and a fast through the long day. Without proper arrangement and forethought the drinking-water may be a nectar calculated to end the life of a mule. It appears to matter little to some easygoers whether it be "plumb gypsy"—i. e., highly charged with sulphate of lime or alkali—or full to that excess of organic matter in suspension that merits the qualification "sheepy."

The pay of the herder is twenty to twenty-five dollars a month. If he becomes enamored of the life, or sufficiently inured to it to stick to it, he can accumulate modestly, for his spending outlets are practically nil. He has not even the facilities of the cowboy, whose more nomadic calling takes him periodically within easy distance of some thirst-slaking resort where he can melt his dollars with the proverbial diluent medium of red paint. The recreative side of the life is to be found in the hours when the woolly wethers are on good behavior, when the day's weather is not immoderately warm, when pasture is abundant, and the range presents the luxury of inviting live-oak or hackberry shade, and when the creek, in place of resembling a section of dusty highway with intermittent holes of unwholesome sliminess, has some remote suggestion of the burn "that wimples tae the sea," and holds water good for man and beast. Given these conditions, an inquiring or a contemplative man can find opportunity for "penetrating into the arcana of Nature and becoming

acquainted with her highest laws"; or he can store his brain from well-thumbed volume, all undistracted. Among the fauna he has many highly entertaining neighbors and sharers of his wilds, such as prairie dogs, badgers, kangaroo rats, and reptiles of the lizard and snake families, that repay watching and studying in their natural haunts. On my visiting list I had several friends of the much-maligned skunk tribe that used to call on me in the morning, and sometimes stop for breakfast. Unmolested, their manners could not have been taken exception to in any circle. The sheep themselves I never could find to be animals of interest. Maybe that was as much my fault as theirs. It is always pleasing, however, to chronicle some good of any one, and I was almost forgetting that even the Merino should have its due. There was one respect in which I had to bow to its superior intelligence. On one range upon which it was my lot to herd, the country had been particularly well smoothed out with nature's flat-iron, and its dead level was clothed with chaparral scrub,—a mean combination, causing a man to look well to his dally goings and comings if he would avoid losing track of his whereabouts. In this *muy chingana* or labyrinthian section, in spite of various markers I had set up as guide-posts, my bump of locality was at fault on several occasions, and at homing time I found I had no notion of where home lay. Conceding the point as to the superiority of man's cerebral developments as weighed in the balance with the sheep's, I gracefully abdicated command, and was gratified each time to find ourselves grazed into camp safely, some three hours after dark. It is well to salt sheep the first day at a new pen, if you have reason to doubt your talents as guide. The sheep never forget the spot. Shortcomings of this sort take down a novice some

points in his own estimation, though the sheep do not seem to keep it up against him. It is more than probable the goats are fully alive to the irony of the situation.

There are no epochs in the life of the Western sheep, so why should there be in that of the shepherd? To him time is but a round of sun-ups and sun-downs. Monday is a Sunday, and both days are as the other five. Before he knows it, should he not indulge in the frivolity of keeping a painstaking calendar, he has lost track, utterly, irretrievably. In the aching wilderness, to be quite sure of reading your Sunday chapter, you had better carry the good volume with you daily.

The men who follow the pursuit of herding should make use of their odd

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time. They do not. In the South-West they are mostly the Mexican, or some dull insipid white, caring neither for nature's holy charms nor for books. Those who are uncaring if the fresh damp scent of the printing-press has evanesced from the folds of their newspaper three moons ago, or those who have agrestic instincts strong enough to cope with the primitive in all things, who can rub thoughts with mother earth, and sigh not for the fleshpots of society and the vanities of the twentieth century, may venture upon the gentle career. The others may keep away. Taking it all in all, however, a sojourn with the sheep of the American South-West would be, for most, an experience to which distance would lend enchantment.

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## THE LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE PAVEMENT.

What is the motive which induces a large number of people to give indiscriminately to all who ask them for money in the streets? Many do it with a lingering suspicion that the recipients are not all honest beggars, and would tell you that it is difficult to find a really honest beggar, but they do it all the same, with a far-off hope that possibly the particular one they are relieving is a genuine case of distress.

A man accosts you in the street, and tells you he is hungry and has wife and children dependent upon him; he is out at elbows, the street is cold and damp, a vision rises in the mind of a warm fire and dinner waiting at home, and out comes the coin. If not pure pity, the motive is probably the same which induces people to give unnecessary tips, to cut down their domestic service for the glory of a motor-car, and to live generally beyond their income; it is the desire to seem opulent, or the fear to appear mean. They

dare not risk the bad opinion of the bystander, or even the mendicant himself. Besides there are so few opportunities of alms-giving in the sight of men. A modern Croesus cannot ride down Piccadilly on a white charger scattering largesses to the poor; the police would arrest him for causing an obstruction, so he has modestly to head a subscription list, write a few figures, which his fellow-men may or may not see, and the barrier of an organization is raised between him and the recipients of his money. Our mercy is all done for us by a huge system of collective pity. We live in such haste that there is no time to seek out some poor man, find out whether he is deserving or not—which is really the important thing—and then relieve his distress. Societies of all kinds hammer at our doors, and all we have to do is to sign a cheque, or banker's order, and hope that some one or other has been helped.

We are suffering from too much collectivism. The young lions of Socialism talk gravely of abolishing all private charity, and of throwing such obligations on to the broad shoulders of the State. Voluntary aid to the old is now indirectly discouraged by a Government which taxes the thrifty worker in order that John Smith, ex-bricklayer, consistent shirker, wastrel, or cab-runner may have a pension in his old age. Merit seems to be a secondary consideration provided the principle is established.

But the Socialists have left us the streets, and particularly the Brompton Road. There the individual may mete out his pity to his brother on the curbstone. At least there is one field left where one may select a mendicant at random and do him charity.

But the other side of the question is not so consolatory. It is probably true to say that not one in ten of these woe-begone creatures is a deserving object of charity. The best that can be said of them is that they do no harm, and that they afford a vast deal of amusement to those who observe their plan of operations.

For instance, a certain Bartimeus was wont to take his seat at the end of Brompton Square, with a well-fed dog at his side sitting on a mat, provided by his master, to protect his hinder-quarters from the cold stone. The dog held a tin money-box attached to his collar. The man simply sat, and the money rolled in. A curious resident on the opposite side of the road took lengthy observations, and then drew up a calculation based on the assumption that one penny was given every time a contribution was made, though frequently silver, and sometimes a shilling was seen to descend into the tin, and taking into consideration the average number of absences in a given time due to inclement weather, the probable income

amounted to about £200 a year. The estimate may not be very exact, but it is nearer the truth than the ordinary passer-by thinks, or the stream of coin would not be so copious. As he is no longer at the receipt of custom, the inference is that he has retired to live in the country on the proceeds.

The blind possess a peculiar advantage over the deaf in eliciting sympathy from strangers, and perhaps that is why they are of an unusually calm and happy disposition. The deaf man cannot flaunt his infirmity in the face of the public unless someone speaks to him. An inscription on his breast "I am deaf" somehow does not strike home, for he does not look helpless, and he cannot hold out the moving spectacle of the dog and string, or the appearance of closed or sightless eyes. The deaf man is the butt of a hundred stories, and the proverbial comparison with a post carries with it the imputation of stockishness and stupidity. But it is impossible to laugh at a blind man, he carries his head high with a trustful dignity that disarms ridicule. He rarely laughs out loud or is bolsterous, and this leads to the supposition that laughter, like smoking, is a matter in which the eye must have a part. You may search fiction in vain for a blind character who is ridiculous, and, unless you except the awesome villainy of Stevenson's John Pew and his literary progeny, he is never a bad man. A situation, however, may sometimes make even a blind man ridiculous. I once on a Saturday night saw a saintly, ascetic-looking man, with lank hair descending about his peaky shoulders, being conducted home by his dog. He had spent a jovial evening, his gait was serpentine, and the string which attached him to his dog was too long for convenience. The dog chose one side of a lamp-post, and he the other, which caused a check. Then language



broke forth from the man which was neither saintly nor ascetic, as he endeavored to hit the dog with his stick. The dog, fearful for his skin and yet appreciating his advantage, dodged each blow, and protested with derisive barks, leading his master in circles till the two revolved round and round the lamp-post like planetary moons, to the great entanglement of the string. There was Homeric laughter in that bark. The street was convulsed, and even the stolid policeman flung his dignity aside, and held his sides with inextinguishable merriment, and only partially recovered his official gravity on considering the problem of a rescue. A blind drunken man wildly aiming blows at nothing with a heavy ferruled stick is not so easy to tackle. At last the thing was accomplished, and the beggar disarmed of his stick in case he should do a mischief to his dog, and after much soothing of a ruffled temper, a bystander offered to take him home.

There is a plaintive-looking man whose usual "pitch" is on the pavement in a conspicuous place. The tray from which he sells studs, laces and like commodities, his dog, and mat occupy a considerable portion of the pavement, and he wears a shade to protect his dark eyes which have the dull and filmy look of the blind. It was the morning after that historic night when the news of the relief of Mafeking had galvanized London into a dancing frenzy, when conversation became general on the tops of omnibuses, and when the most reserved opened out to strangers. The streets were ringing with the shouts of newsboys selling papers, when our friend was seen suddenly to spring up, seize a paper from a boy, and greedily examine its contents. The print was very bad on that morning, and one is driven to the conclusion that there are none so blind as those who see oc-

casionaly. I was sorely tempted to chaff the man when next I bought a bootlace, but my better nature prevailed. Patriotism is too sacred.

De Quincey, in his "English Mail Coach," speaking of the effect of the news of the battle of Waterloo on the English people, says:

"The beggar, rearing himself against the wall, forgets his lameness—real or assumed—thinks not of his whining trade, but stands erect with bold, exulting smiles, as we pass him."

His patriotism, then, is traditional.

There was a quaint little mannikin with eyeless sockets who used to raise the echoes of Piccadilly with a penny whistle which matched his stature, for it was half the length of the ordinary instrument. The execution with which he discoursed his shrill music was extraordinary, and, if set to the accompaniment of a music-hall band, might have commanded a handsome competence. He would take up his station outside Devonshire House and pipe lustily by the hour. You would have heard his birdlike notes from afar, in spite of the roar of the traffic. But, alas! a change has come over the spirit of his fortune, for his pipe is now silent and he plays no more. Whether an inartistic policeman has forbidden his music, or whether something has broken for ever those four or five inches of tin, who shall say? He is now to be seen silently soliciting alms, cheerful as ever, but songless. A tragedy lies somewhere about the loss of that unique penny whistle.

As a rule there is nothing aggressive about these blind men: they stand, either in a retired spot against the wall, or on the curbstone, speechless; they do not follow you with an insistent whine, or pluck your sleeve. One exception, however, must be noted. A fat, well fed man with sleek hair used to sit against a shop corner not far from the top of Sloane Street, and

grind a little hand organ. It came about that, during some alterations in the place, a temporary wooden sidewalk was erected scarcely six feet wide, for the accommodation of the public. Our fat friend saw his opportunity. He took up his station in the narrow way, occupying half the gangway. You could barely pass him without treading on his feet. People tumbled over him and kicked him by mistake, and for very shame had to solace him, his blind face looked so innocent. A friend of mine, indignant at such blatant obstruction, complained to a constable, and the answer was, "Oh, we never interfere with him, he has been there for years." My friend pointed out that "there" was a different place altogether. At last the bold blind beggar became such a public nuisance, thrusting his feet forward to be trodden on, that others complained, and the police had to relegate him to his old and less assertive position by the shop.

Everyone is familiar with the man who has lost his money, and wants a third-class ticket with which to get home; the tale is thrice told, and deceives none save those who give the sum asked for under a fond hope that they may have come across a genuine case; but for cool impudence commend me to the jocular familiarity of the "well-dressed stranger" who used to haunt the highways of South Kensington. He was a smart, military-looking man, arrayed point-device, with a frank, truthful gaze which looked you between the eyes, the embodiment of gentility without any shabbiness. His linen was clean, he carried an expensive walking-stick, and he used to spend much of his spare time in public libraries reading reviews. How he utilized this cheaply acquired knowledge I cannot tell, unless he compiled statistics or novels, but his methods for his immediate requirements were

these. He heaved alongside of me one day twirling his moustache like an art critic before an undiscovered masterpiece. "Excuse me, sir, but I've been a fool." It was so confidential, and bland. I looked at him in astonishment, and said: "Don't say that. You don't look like a fool." He positively bridled. "You flatter me, sir, but I really have made a fool of myself." "How is that?" I asked. "Well, the fact is I've been horse-racing like a silly ass, put my money on a succession of wrong 'uns, couldn't stop in time, and here I am. This is literally my last shirt." The garment in question was spotless, a great deal cleaner than my own in fact. "If you could just lend me half a sov., I should be awfully obliged. Of course I'll give you my name and address, and you shall have it back in a fortnight." He might have been asking for a light, and explaining how he left his match-box behind. He was rather conferring a favor on me by pointing out the obvious thing to do. I know it is quite incredible, but I refused to lend him the ten shillings. "Of course," he retorted with a pitying air, "I am a total stranger to you, but I thought perhaps you might feel inclined to do me a favor. Good-day, sir." There was no anger, no whine, no sneers at my close fist, and his pity made me feel that I had lost an opportunity. I went home feeling very mean. But I had not seen the last of my friend. Some months later he accosted me in Piccadilly on a foggy day. "Excuse me, sir, . . ." "Oh, yes," I replied. "I know. You are the man who has been a fool." He burst forth into purple language, and disappeared.

Such engaging candor was irresistible, and probably succeeded nearly every time, and if ten shillings rewarded each friendly chat, he may now be living in affluent respectability and is probably a churchwarden.

Talent should always be rewarded, but for some forms of begging no talent is required. For instance, when unemployment is rife, five or six stout fellows in their best corduroys will hire an organ, and stand in a row, by the pavement while one grinds, and another shakes a money box in the face of the public. I had it once on the authority of an indignant 'bus-driver, who knew one of them, that each took more in a day than he earned in a week, and I shrink from stating the sum for fear of being disbelieved.

There is an old Frenchman who is constantly seen in South Kensington, and whose methods are extremely simple, but his appearance is a masterpiece. A frogged coat with a short cape gives him a military air, a tall hat with true Parisian flat brim carries a whiff of the Faubourg St. Germain, and a dandy cane poised in a delicate hand, which looks as though it had featly wielded a rapier in better days, overwhelms you with an impression of gentility. He is tall, and smiles sadly down on you, from St. Cloud as it were, as he asks you the nearest way to Croydon.

Basingstoke would do equally well, but he prefers Croydon. You tell him in your worst French, and then he relates with the air of a "Banished Lord" how he has had his pocket picked. If you cannot give him money, he requests with resignation that he may be permitted to give you and yours lessons in French! The idea of this noble old aristocrat doing any thing so plebeian seems a trifle incongruous, but you are obliged to continue the conversation because there is something pleasing in being seen talking to such a distinguished-looking person, and it is only on his acceptance, with a pitying air, of some lame excuse that you will be permitted to go on your way.

One evening at dinner-time my door

bell was rung violently, and I was told a man urgently wanted to see me. A vivacious little man, respectably dressed, and with eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, greeted me with fervor on the doorstep. He had come to thank me, that was all. On my asking him what benefit I had done him, he rapidly poured forth his story. Some years ago he had been knocked down by a butcher's cart just opposite Gloucester Road Station, and I, fortunately passing at the moment, had picked him up, hailed a passing cab, and driven him off to the Hospital. He was now cured, though I could see by his demonstration one leg was shorter than the other, still he was able to work, and he could not leave London without laying his gratitude at my feet. This tickled my heartstrings with a pleasing warmth, for it was the kind of thing which, of course, I should have done, but, unfortunately, having no recollection of the affair, or of his face, I denied the soft impeachment. Then came further details too numerous to be mentioned here, little shadings, middle distances, all put in with the sincerity of an artist, till the more he added, the more I liked the picture. It was so true to nature, and so circumstantial, that I was almost persuaded that I really had been a good Samaritan. His thanks were received with the vicarious grace which should have belonged to another, and I was about to dismiss him with my benediction when the true cause of his quest came out. He had just obtained a situation in Bristol worth 25s. a week, and he congratulated himself on his good fortune in such hard times, and after his accident too! I mingled my congratulations with his in a friendly tone when he just let fall, by the way as it were, that his resources were at a low ebb, and he modestly craved the loan of a third-class fare to the said western port. His gratitude was a

"lively sense of favors to come." I will not reveal whether I gave him the money or not. There are many ways of lowering oneself in the eyes of one's fellows, and one is by confession. A beggar always places you in a dilemma. You must either be stony-hearted or a fool, and neither appellation is particularly complimentary. The well-worn confidence trick which requires an accomplice pales before the art, the judgment of character, and the dramatic talent displayed by the

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street beggar. He feels his story for the moment, and his tears flow with the same sympathy as the actor's. He is as fascinating and as traditionally old as Punch and Judy, only he is nearer to life itself. When he accosts you in the street you feel that, but for the grace of God and an unaccountable thing called fortune, you might be making out a similar case. If we pay, we are rewarding an artist, if we deny him, let us at least appreciate his talent.

Gilbert Coleridge.

## AT CHERRY-TREE FARM.

### CHAPTER I.

Arnold walked all that night and the following day without anything like a rest. He saw things without heeding them. The fading of the stars, the creep of the dawn, and then the sun starting up to the left of him were matters of course. So were the market-carts plodding on to Covent Garden, leaving trails of tobacco-smoke behind them. He got past these quite easily. Only the motor-cars gave him a glimmering consciousness of himself—their brutal bright eyes and offensive sudden bark when almost on the top of him; he rapped out a curse at one of them as it flashed past at about "thirty," just scraping his toes. This was in a lane a little wider than the car itself. The lane smelt of honeysuckle, and he was aware of that. A ripple of laughter drifted back to him from the car, and then he was more lost than before—indignant still, but totally lost.

And yet he brooded all the while. He mixed up Gertie with Mr. John and Mr. Ralph—these three were the enemies who had sped him forth like thistledown before a gale. There was a fourth—Hilton Caswell, a fellow with very black eyes, moustache, and

beard, and a complexion like a smoked elder-apple's. But after the birds began to chirrup he didn't make much show in Arnold's wilderness of a mind. That was odd, considering how intimately he had to do with Gertie and the present flight from Surbiton. Arnold stopped once by a milestone, and with his hand on it tried to hold on to Caswell's personality. He had always hated Caswell's red-faced smile, especially when Gertie was near it; but why—why—why—and who *was* the brute? It beat him, and, shaking his head at the milestone, he wandered on.

Mr. John and Mr. Ralph lasted much longer in him. They bullied him about contangoes and Heaven knows what. He could hear their voices. "Now then, look spry with those accounts. What! Tired, d'you say? Rubbish! You don't know your luck, making an extra dollar every night this week! Not many firms treat their clerks like that in boom-times. Don't grouse about nothing, and hurry up!" That was Mr. Ralph. A good-hearted sort, Mr. Ralph. Mr. John's method was a bit keener. "Good God, not done with your lot yet! When *will* you be? Look here, you'll have to march to the scrap-heap if you don't hustle." This

was in the office, of course, with all the lights on. What a relief to slip away for the last train of the livelong day! Then Gertie got complete control of him. There he sat, collapsed in an empty "third," facing the blankness of a future without her. All this sweating and tearing after-hours' work just for himself? Not much. Impossible. Why, she had been the sustaining keystone of his efforts for years. He had said just that to one of the men in the office—what was his name?—"If I wasn't engaged I'd chuck it and buy a revolver. A fellow's head can't keep it up without the best kind of hope. That's what she is to me—the very best. We're to be married when I've saved two-fifty, and I'm in the two-twenties already." "Poor old Johnnie! you'll soon be in your chains as well, then," the man had retorted rather nastily. Every one had raw edges in boom-times. He himself felt like taking the man by the ears (he had conveniently large ears) and putting his nose in the ink-pot. What *was* his name? He could see him as plainly as Gertie herself; but as for his name, that couldn't be caught. Well, it didn't matter. The main thing was to plod on. That was the imperative necessity—to keep moving.

With the warming up of the new day Arnold couldn't think of anything or anyone except Gertie. She dodged in and out of him. One time she was a lovely memory, so that he stood and cherished it. But there were other memories which made him shiver and increase the length of his strides. The worst had to do with a letter. It began: "Dear old boy, you will be distressed to receive this, but I must write it, dear." It was an awful letter. He couldn't recall any more of it, but it meant that he had lost her. It came to him again and again, always with an accompanying shiver or

shudder. Once he was going through a village when it came upon him. Some one put a hand on his shoulder and asked if anything was wrong with him. How he flung the hand off him! "Mind your own business!" he cried, and away he went. All he remembered of that village was its inn, with two old-fashioned supporting posts under the window of its porch. But he couldn't have given the inn its name to save his life, although its sign stuck out from that peculiar window. Very patchy this memory of his, even so early in the fateful day!

He didn't want to eat or drink, but merely to move. He didn't exactly want to move either, but there was always that gadfly of unrest urging him forward. As for the roads, he took them anyhow. His gadfly was supremely indifferent. It turned him out of broad white mainways into the narrowest of lanes, and an hour later would land him back into the thoroughfare, with motor-cars and dust all about.

So it went on until the evening, when something—not the gadfly this time—made him get over a rather mouldy gate and zigzag through a clover-scented field towards a stream. The stream took him by surprise. He stood on its bank, stared at some irises in the shallows, and then sat down. It was mowing grass, but it would have been just the same to him had it been ripe wheat. Down he sat, gazed at the gliding water for a few minutes, and then lay full-length and seemed to sleep.

That was what he required—sleep. The doctor they fetched to him at the white farm-house above the meadow said so. If he had slept at the proper time, and sufficiently, that is to say.

He was roused by a little image with fat, bare legs, two large, round blue eyes, and the words, "What *you* doin' here?"



He couldn't answer the question, sat up and looked the child over, and then looked at the stream.

"This b'longs to gran'father, all this part," said the little boy, with a chubby hand towards the sun. The sun was setting amid crimson splashes behind some distant trees.

"Oh, does it?"

Arnold got up, but had to sit down again. "I'm done," he said. A mist came to his eyes. "What's that?" he asked, pointing at the river.

"It's water," said the child, with baby conceit. "Tommy Cat-cart got drowned over there. He fell in."

"Tommy Catgut!" Arnold exclaimed, and broke into rusty laughter, "What a name—Tommy Catgut!"

Suddenly the child ran away, and after a time returned with a blue-eyed young woman who was unmistakably his parent. He proclaimed the fact nevertheless. "Here's mother!" he said.

She was very pretty, and gentle with Arnold; these were the impressions she made upon him. But the questions she asked! And the absurdity of his not being able to answer them to her satisfaction!

"No," he replied rather crossly at length; "I *don't* know where I am, nor my name, nor anything. And I don't want to. Let me go to sleep, will you?"

Instead of doing this, she sent Willie to the farm for grandfather. It struck Arnold as droll that the boy should have a name and he none, so far as he knew. He said so with a chuckle that made the pretty young woman gasp and then gaze after her boy.

"I'm afraid you are very poorly," she said very softly.

He didn't argue the point, only nodded.

"You've been walking all day and all night?"

"Ever so many days and ever so many nights," he told her.

"Then you *must* be ill," she said.

And that is what the doctor said he ought to be, if he wasn't.

Willie's grandfather (an amiable giant in brown gaiters) armed him up to the house as irresistibly as a traction-engine, and there he sat shrugging and yawning and able to say nothing convincing until the doctor arrived.

"I'll send him a draught," said the doctor, after more questions and some mauling. "And I should think there'll be no risk in accommodating him for the night, Mr. Harcourt. He seems a gentlemanly young fellow."

Outside, on the gravel, the doctor suggested to the farmer the searching of the gentlemanly young fellow's pockets when the potion was doing its work.

But the farmer was a gentlemanly old fellow, and shook his head. "Time enough for that when there's a need for it, doctor," said he. "No doubt he'll be all right in the morning."

## CHAPTER II.

The farm was called Cherry-Tree Farm, and Arnold stayed there till the harvest. They couldn't coax him to remember the essential things about himself. The doctor confessed that he didn't understand the case. It was the first one of the kind that had come his way. In all other respects save this, the young man seemed sound enough in mind and body. He could, for example, talk about politics very rationally, with opinions about the State in agreeable conformity with those of both the doctor and the farmer. But they couldn't induce him to remember his own line of life, family, place of abode, or—name.

His pockets told nothing. They contained an insurance company's memorandum-book, with no name in it, pipe, tobacco, knife, handkerchief,

matches, about nine pounds in money, and a letter. He was persuaded by Willie's mother to turn the articles out upon the red cloth of the parlor table. The farmer said Peggy might try her hand on him if she liked. She didn't like at all, but regarded it as a duty.

Nothing came of it except some smiles and chuckles from Arnold. "Anything else I can do for you, Mrs. Brandon?" he asked, when she said how sorry she was there was no envelope with an address on it, no visiting-card—in short, nothing helpful.

"We want to assist you to find your home," she explained.

"Ah!" said he vacantly; and then, looking about him, and lastly at her, "I seem very well off where I am—that is, if I'm not in the way."

Willie was in the room at the time, and made up to his left leg. "I want Mr. Man to come out and play, mother," he said.

Arnold brisked up immediately. He had already played a little with Willie. And in about a minute Mrs. Brandon was watching them together at the swing under the farm's oldest cherry-tree.

When he returned to the parlor Mrs. Brandon suggested that the letter (still lying on the table) might help them, although it had no cover. But, strange to say, nothing came of this either.

"Won't you read it and tell us if there is anything in it?" she urged, when he seemed unwilling to touch it.

He read it then, tossed it away, said, "Ah, yes—Gertie! It's from Gertie. That's all over!" and sat with his hands to his head until Mrs. Brandon ventured a reminder.

"May I read it?" she asked.

"Certainly," said he, "if you think it will interest you."

It interested her very much; a bloom came to her cheeks while she read it; she glanced at him in the middle of

it, only to discover that he was filling his pipe by the window and whistling unconcernedly.

"Don't you remember her other name—besides Gertie?" she whispered afterwards.

He tried, but gave it up. "I'll be hanged if I do," he said gaily. "What a curious thing, isn't it? But—she's about your age, Mrs. Brandon. Er—has your husband been dead long?"

"Three years. It was an accident in the tithebarn. I thought"—

"You thought?"

"That I should have died too. But we won't talk about it, please. What a pity she didn't put her full address at the top of the letter! Just 'Clapham' is no more use than just 'London' is it?"

Arnold supposed so; then took Willie in his arms. "You're a nice little chap!" he said enthusiastically.

"And so're you, Mr. Man," said the boy.—"Isn't he, mother?—You was found in the grass."

They both smiled at the proclamation of this truth.

"But," then said the boy's mother, with a charming wrinkle on her otherwise smooth brow, "shall you think me rude if I ask you about something in the letter?"

"Of course not," said Arnold. "Try me with anything."

"She mentions an H. C.—another gentleman. I—I gather that she didn't know her own mind. I'm so sorry for you. Were you engaged a long time?"

"Engaged! Who? Oh, *that*. Yes, I believe we were." A tormented look came upon him. "It's all over, whatever it is. That beast—Do you know, I think Dr. Capper's right. I ought to be lying down somewhere. I feel—*here*." Even with the boy in his arms he managed to touch the tiresome part of his head.

Mrs. Brandon took the boy from him, and was as insistent as the doc-

tor about his lying down. She left him on the sofa, with the blinds drawn.

This was the first attempt, and later ones were just as futile.

The initials A. W. on his handkerchief and other things were positively the only clue they had to build upon. Still, the doctor was very sanguine, and the farmer liked "the Mr. Man who was found in the grass," and was willing to wait for a while. If it was all due to a love-trouble (as his daughter believed), it would surely come right in time. Mr. Harcourt hadn't yet met the man, he said, that couldn't recover his balance after a simple shock of *that* kind, if he kept off spirits and other nonsense. "Mr. Man" was welcome to board and lodging at the farm for one pound a week as long as his money lasted, and perhaps a week or two longer. The weekly pound was Arnold's own offer, prompted by Dr. Capper.

And so it went on and on and on.

The hay was cut and carried, Arnold helping, and enjoying himself; the gooseberries and currants had had their little day; and a cloudless fortnight in July gave the wheat its mantling of bronze and gold, and quite settled the oats.

The farmer still liked Arnold, but was feeling uneasy about things now. He and every one except Mrs. Brandon called Arnold Mr. Mann, and he answered to the name. With two "n's" to it the name was not so bad. The proposition came from Mr. Harcourt laughingly, and Arnold said, "By all means," as if there were nothing odd about it. "Yes, of course I ought to be called something," he admitted when the farmer made that excuse for the christening.

Peggy was the cause of her father's uneasiness; and the doctor, the Cherry-Tree servants, and most of the farm hands didn't wonder.

From the first she had taken special charge of Arnold, with a woman's tender interest in suffering.

They went to church together on Sundays, with Willie between them as a link to their hands. In the hayfield Peggy kept her blue eyes on him as well as upon her boy. The doctor avowed ignorance about the development of so unusual a case, and left all the responsibility to her. She thought it possible that Arnold might at any time have a seizure of some kind impelling him to throw himself into the river or strike some one. Although he was so sane in every particular save those missing essentials, she couldn't feel comfortable about him—and showed it.

This was what the farmer didn't like. It led so inevitably to other things. He remonstrated with his daughter, and was slightly soothed by her quick retort of "How ridiculous, father!" But he had to remonstrate again and tell her that "Mr. Mann" must clear out soon, whether he remembered his name or whether he didn't; and this time Peggy was angry—as angry as she could be, which wasn't very angry. "Of course he doesn't," she exclaimed, when the farmer asked point-blank if Arnold talked to her about love and such dangerous matters. Mr. Harcourt was still dissatisfied, but accepted the situation a little longer. "First time he does, you tell me, my dear," he said, "and off he trots. I've no fault to find with him myself—knocks me hollow at manners. But that's just it. And he's a good-looking chap—you'll not deny that?" Peggy turned her head away and whispered that she didn't wish to deny it. It had nothing to do with her. They must all be patient, and she felt sure that something would soon happen. "We can't send him to the workhouse, father. It would be *shameful*."

Peggy never called him anything, and this would have been even more significant to her father than the other trifles had he been deeply learned in human nature.

She could not address him as "Mr. Mann" like the others. But she was delicious in her little artifices about names in general when they were alone together. She mentioned numbers of names, chosen from a dictionary, Christian and patronymics, always ready to fly at a symptom indicative that she had chanced upon one of the right ones. But she never hit either upon "Arnold" or his other name, "Wise."

And now the harvest was ready.

"They're going to cut the Long Field tomorrow," she told him one evening when they were sitting under the roses on the house, watching the sunst.

"Are they?" said he.

He had been very silent this day. Peggy thought it was the heat. He seemed in splendid health, except that his eyes had shadows under them, and he didn't talk.

"Yes. There was a gentleman here last year, an artist named Reginald Paterson. Why do you smile like that?"

It wasn't the first time he had smiled at her elaborate mention of other people's names, but hitherto she hadn't asked him why.

"Oh," said he, with the smile gone, "was I smiling? I don't feel like it, I assure you, Mrs. Brandon."

"Why don't you? I like to see you smile," said Peggy. It was true, but scarcely a prudent confession. She wouldn't have said it if her father had been near, and a quick realization of this colored her cheeks.

Arnold's head drooped.

"You're not well. I'm sure you're not," said Peggy earnestly. "Do tell me what is the matter. Willie says he

couldn't get a word out of you this afternoon—at least not enough words. Perhaps he bothers you. He's a greedy little boy—for attentions."

"He's the jolliest little mortal in all the world," said Arnold. "And I shall be awfully sorry to——" He sat up, and, as if without thinking what he did, put his hand on one of Peggy's in her lap. "Mrs. Brandon!" he exclaimed, looking into her troubled blue eyes—they were distinctly troubled now, though very beautiful.

Peggy nodded to encourage him. Her lips quivered. She was only twenty-four, and seemed less.

"I'm at my last sovereign, and can't stop here after to-morrow. To-morrow's Tuesday. I came on a Tuesday, didn't I? 'The chap that was found in the water-medder'—that's what Dodson the carter calls me—I heard him calling me that to one of the maids in the cowhouse yesterday. Well, it's a good description, I suppose. But, I say, you've been most uncommonly good to me, Mrs. Brandon; and so has every one; but it's all rubbish about my working off my board and lodging after to-morrow. I asked your father this morning. He said it would suit him better if I went."

"No!" whispered Peggy, looking down.

"But I must!" His hand tightened on hers. It was an argument in itself, and she let it argue.

"How can you, when you don't know where to go?" Peggy asked, almost entreatingly.

"I can, of course," he replied, with the shrug of a man conscious of his strength. "I'm as fit as a horse. And, equally of course, I must. It'll be no end of a wrench, but——"

And then the farmer's voice, very harsh, sounded in Peggy's ears from the porch to the right.

"I want you *here*, my girl!" cried Mr. Harcourt, and Peggy rose with a

start. Her hand came free without any restraint.

"Yes, father!" she said, facing him with untroubled eyes, but much color in her cheeks. "What is it?"

"Come right into the house, and leave our young friend to himself, said the farmer.—"It's no use telling you to pack up, my lad; but you know what we settled this morning."

Arnold's eyes also were quite untroubled as he confronted his host of the past two months.

"That's what I've been telling her," he said. "It's all right, Mr. Harcourt. I quite understand. I've had a splendid time."

Chambers's Journal.

"Father!" said Peggy, with a hand on the farmer's arm.

But the farmer shook her hand off. "Go indoors," he said.—"And don't you, Mr. Mann, or whatever your confounded real name is, lift your eyebrows at me in that superior way. You've had your last say to my daughter. I'll be glad if you'll get off to your bed, straight, when you feel like it."

Peggy threw him a sad look with the wrinkle in it which he knew so well now, and went indoors.

Arnold sat down again. "All right, Mr. Harcourt," he said, without any show of resentment; "I'll smoke one pipe and then to bed."

C. Edwardes.

(To be concluded.)

## THE PANAMA ROBBERY.\*

M. Bunau-Varilla's book comes at an opportune moment, now that the opening of the Panama Canal is heralded as an early forthcoming event; he writes as an actor who has taken a decisive part in the developments and vicissitudes of the last thirty years or so; indeed, if one accepts the view of the book, the conclusion must be arrived at that, without the author's untiring vigilance and permanent and unerring intervention there would be no Panama Canal at all. The present work is a trilogy, "the creation, destruction and resurrection," which, as far as titles go, reminds one of "Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained," only that Milton's title starts, taking the creation for granted, in *medlis rebus* as it were.

The keynote to the author's aim and method is to be found in the dedication to his children: "May this book bring home to you what I have always

\* "The Creation, Destruction and Resurrection." By Philippe Bunau-Varilla. London: Constable, 1913. 12s. 6d. net.

striven to impress upon you, that the greatest virtue in a Frenchman is to cultivate truth and to serve France!" No doubt the two precepts, when France is being served, must always be concurrent and inseparable, for it would be inconceivable that truth, that is to say righteousness, should be absent from the service of France. All that is very fine; very fine, as far as it goes. The only shortcoming, not a small one indeed, lies in the vagueness and elusiveness of the terms; such is always the trouble with abstract principles of morality; solemnity of enunciation does not endow them with precision of meaning; they are both elastic and adaptable to the requirements of the hour, and can be made to cover a multitude of sins, selfishness, avarice, even iniquity, under the plea of serving truth and the fatherland.

If the accuracy and completeness of the information may on occasions be doubted, not so the sincerity of the



writer; primarily and essentially he is writing of himself; it is the case of an Achilles who is his own Homer, the whole attuned to harmonize with the prosaic capitalistic atmosphere of the age. Other fairly famous campaigners of yore, Xenophon and Julius Caesar, have also taken the world into their confidence; but they have done so in a more chastened and less aggressive spirit of autobiography; in the "Anabasis" and in the "Commentaries" the ten thousand and the legions have a local habitation and a name of their own; they are not mere puppets in the evolution of a higher and all-absorbing destiny. M. Bunau-Varilla's attitude throughout is that of Chanticleer; the sun ever rises at his bidding:

"J'ai tellement la foi, que mon cocorico  
Fera crouler la Nuit comme une  
Jéricho."

The avowed aim of the book is: "To explain how that great conception of French genius, the junction of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, was snatched from her; and that the solution of the problem of the opening of a Free Strait between the two oceans was her work and hers alone." Engineers and men of science in Europe and America may, and certainly will, dispute and wrangle as to the solution of the problem and as to whom the glory is rightfully due; but the assertion that the junction of the two oceans is the "great conception of French genius," thus implying exclusive originality, should not have been translated into English and can only be meant for home consumption in France.

The quest for a natural passage between the two oceans began immediately upon the discovery of the Pacific by Balboa on 25 September 1513. Balboa himself, we are told by M. Bunau-Varilla, "nursed the ambition of finding a passage between the two seas;" and further on he adds,

"the idea of connecting Nature was mooted, but Philip the Second forbade any modification of what God had created;" thus M. Bunau-Varilla himself shows that "the great conception" was a centenarian idea before French genius took it up.

Saavedra Ceron, one of Balboa's companions in Darien, seems to have been the first one to conceive the idea of constructing an artificial waterway between the two oceans, having prepared plans for the work at Darien about 1525 to 1530. In 1534 Charles the Fifth ordered the exploration of the Chagres Watershed for the purpose of connecting that river with the Southern Sea. The Governor of Tierra Firme reported in due course "that it would be practically impossible to construct a canal across the Isthmus, and that the attempt would ruin the richest treasury in Christendom." In 1565 Jorge Quintanilla obtained a charter from the Spanish Crown "to open a water passage between the two oceans." Soon thereafter a change came over the royal mind and Philip the Second forbade all further mootings of canal projects under penalty of death. About that time it was discovered that the upper waters of the Atrato, which empties into the Gulf of Uraba, in the Caribbean, flow quite close to the Pacific; this gave rise to a suggestion of digging a canal to connect the Atrato with the ocean, upon which the Jesuit historian, José de Acosta, observes "that it would be offending the Creator to seek to connect an ocean and a river which He had placed asunder."

It is interesting to note the recent bid by the United States, in their effort to "corner" all possible trans-oceanic canals on the American continent, for this self-same canal by way of the Atrato; it may be safely assumed that in this less reverent age

the scruples of Father Acosta will not be a serious obstacle to the construction of this canal, which, in the opinion of many well-informed people, would much improve on the Panama in cheapness and efficiency.

French genius seems to appear for the first time in connection with canal projects in 1785, when a certain M. de la Natière submitted a paper to the Academy of Sciences in Paris with a complete plan for the construction of the canal across Panama, at an estimated cost of one million francs. Count Florida Blanca, Minister of Charles the Third of Spain, "did not consider the report as deserving of serious consideration," which, in view of the smallness of the cost, is to be lamented; it is also to be regretted that later French canal creators and their technical progeny should not have profited by their compatriot's wisdom and example at least in the direction of pecuniary demands.

The "creation" and the "destruction" make an interesting narrative from the formation of the Panama Company in 1881 to the offer to sell the works and the concession to the United States in 1898. In 1884 M. Bunau-Varilla "finally resolved to consecrate his life to the Panama Canal;" he assumed "entire management when he was twenty-six;" he "discovered the secret of the Straits," and his discovery "freed the future of the canal." The history of the great undertaking becomes inseparable from his own personal history; he solves the technical problems, he smooths the furrows of administration, he fights the battles of Panama against Nicaragua and the battles of the company against political intrigue in France; he writes a book, another trilogy, "*Le Passé, Le Présent et L'Avenir*," to inflame anew the waning ardour of French investors; he seeks the aid of Russia, and when the destruction is achieved

by "judicial machinery" and by "parliamentary machinery," and the Canal Company, so to speak, throws up the sponge and offers to sell, he stands undaunted on the desolate stage amidst the crumbling ruins of his mighty dream.

Whatever may have been the company's mistakes, the technical errors of engineers and of managers, and the real facts which led to the accusation that eventually brought about the downfall of the company, the pluck and the devotion of the men at the Isthmus, the work which they actually achieved, and their indomitable energy in the presence of the insidious and murderous scourge of yellow fever stand as a testimony to the best traditions of France. M. Bunau-Varilla shares the full honor thus acquired for his country.

The issues of these days have none but an historical interest now. Later events have brought fundamental changes, not only in the ownership of the canal but in its status as a factor of incalculable possibilities in the immediate development of international life both in the New World and in the Old.

Panama, it should be remembered, formed part of Colombia. In 1846 Colombia, then New Granada, fearing British inroads, concluded a treaty with the United States by which the States guaranteed Colombia's sovereignty on the Isthmus. In 1850 the clashing rivalries of Great Britain and the United States culminated in a compromise embodied in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, by which, whilst neither nation became supreme, equality of position and of rights for both was maintained. This arrangement was never popular in the United States. The American mind—official and otherwise—was early made up that no canal should be built but an American canal.

The concession by Colombia to a Frenchman, the formation of a French company, the starting of the work, were received unfavorably in the United States. The collapse of the French company offered a golden opportunity to acquire the concession and the works. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, however, stood in the way; Colombia's rights mattered nothing; no sane nation hesitates where there are no big battalions.

The "resurrection" tells how the United States Government under M. Bunau-Varilla's guidance and inspiration "did the needful" for the success of a bloodless revolution in Panama, the formation of a new Republic and its recognition by the Powers; it also tells of the signing by M. Bunau-Varilla, turned Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, of the treaty granting the transfer of the canal concession to the United States, as well as the required political jurisdiction over the canal zone and enabling them to pay the stipulated price of forty million dollars to the Canal Company and to prepare the ground for an abundant crop of surprises, some of them "shockers" which have begun to crystallize, such as the Panama Act regulating the tolls, against which Great Britain has protested, and the construction of fortifications—forbidden in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty—for which the first few millions have been voted by the American Congress.

One incident out of many should suffice to show the supple and irresistible action of M. Bunau-Varilla, verging on hypnotism, in furtherance of his plans. He had "conceived the complete plan for the Panama revolution"; the plan had to be carried out by the United States. M. Bunau-Varilla trained his mental artillery upon Secretary of State Hay; from the moment that the interview was

granted the Secretary was a doomed man. Colombia obdurately refused to ratify the Hay-Herran Treaty, which would have enabled the United States to buy the concession. The interview is thus described:

"Together we deplored the blindness of Colombia. . . ."

"When all counsels of prudence and friendship have been made in vain," I said, "there comes a moment when one has to stand still and await events." "These events," he asked, "what do you think they will be?"

"I expressed my sentiments on the subject some days ago to Mr. Roosevelt," I replied. "The whole thing will end in a revolution. You must take your measures, if you do not want to be taken yourself by surprise."

"Yes," said Mr. Hay. "That is unfortunately the most probable hypothesis, but we shall not be 'caught napping.'"

Before closing the interview an illuminating and touching incident occurred:

"I have just finished reading," said Mr. Hay, "a charming novel, 'Captain Macklin.' It is the history of a West Point cadet who leaves the Military Academy to become a soldier of fortune in Central America. He enlists under the orders of a General, a former officer of the French Army, who commands a revolutionary army in Honduras. The young ambitious American and the old French officer are both charming types of searchers after the ideal. Read this volume; take it with you," concluded Mr. Hay. "It will interest you."

"I read 'Captain Macklin' with an interest which may be easily imagined. . . . I could not help thinking that Mr. Hay, in giving me this volume, had meant to make subtle allusion to my own efforts in the cause of justice and progress. Did he not wish to tell me symbolically that he had understood

that the revolution in preparation for the victory of the Idea was taking shape under my direction?"

And so on and so on. Thus did Secretary Hay take his orders, which achieved the revolution under the direction of M. Bunau-Varilla, who in his turn was serving Justice, Progress, the Idea, and, naturally, Truth and France. All this involved, from the point of view of Mr. Hay's Government, the flagrant violation of the nation's solemnly pledged word.

It is said that Renan, lecturing once on Nero at the Collège de France, before closing, added, as in mitigation of any undue severity of judgment: "Mals ce pauvre jeune homme était nourri d'une si mauvaise littérature." In the case of Secretary Hay, and perhaps of M. Bunau-Varilla, mercy should temper the judgment of history. A diet of penny dreadfuls (or dime novels, as they are called in America) and Presidential messages, such as flourished at that time, cannot but engender disaster and confusion.

M. Bunau-Varilla set to work; he wrote minute instructions for the immediate outburst of the revolution; he prepared the cables to be sent announcing the glorious birth of the new nation; he wrote the stirring proclamation of independence and the constitution of the new Republic; having labelled and numbered all these documents to avoid mistakes, he despatched his emissary to the Isthmus. That was not all. He tells us "Madame Bunau-Varilla remained in her room in the greatest secrecy the whole day, making the flag of liberation."

Even so, in olden days the flags and pennants of the Norsemen in their piratical expeditions were embroidered by matrons and golden-haired maidens, in the seclusion of their castles; they listened whilst they worked to the songs which told of the exploits of

their men-folk who were not vicariously heroic nor indulged in cant of search for Truth or of the Ideal, but in pillage pure and simple.

Mr. Roosevelt claims that Colombia's rejection of the Hay-Herran Treaty forced him to "take the Isthmus." The treaty expressly stated that it required congressional approval in Colombia, which naturally meant that the possibility of rejection had been accepted. To argue that the rejection justified violence is to proclaim the doctrine of "heads I win and tails you lose," immoral and dishonest, whether practised by individuals or by nations.

Both Mr. Roosevelt and M. Bunau-Varilla maintain that without the "taking of Panama" by the United States the canal would have been lost. Idle excuse. What really was in danger was the combination by which the forty million dollars could find their way into certain hands.

In his eager search for truth, in the service of France, M. Bunau-Varilla may have overlooked this fact. His own testimony, however, establishes beyond doubt the pecuniary significance of the revolution at Panama; surely neither he nor Mr. Roosevelt held any shares in the enterprise—for that would qualify adversely the single-mindedness of their purpose. On page 325 of his book M. Bunau-Varilla writes: "A revolutionary movement ending successfully would necessarily about treble the quotation in these securities" (the Panama securities).

The canal is not yet made; ugly rumors of landslides and fears of volcanic disturbances are frequently circulated. The disinterested dreamers and idealists like Mr. Roosevelt and M. Bunau-Varilla are still waiting for the advent of reality; but the three hundred per cent was pocketed long ago, and doubtless ere this has flour-

ished and fructified in similar enterprises, perhaps in Madagascar, in Tripoli or in Morocco.

The blunder of Great Britain in consenting to the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is taking a sinister

*The Saturday Review.*

appearance now that the Panama Act has been ratified by the American Congress and the money for the fortifications has been voted. Lord Lansdowne's pusillanimity is coming home to roost.

## M. POINCARÉ AND THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.

The State visit of M. Poincaré to England happened at a time when it was doubly significant. His election as President of the French Republic was the result of a remarkable revival in French feeling. That this revival has not taken as complete possession of the Legislature as it has of the country has been shown by the enforced resignation of a Minister of War who possessed exceptional qualifications for the office, and by the defeat of M. Briand's Ministry. But that the nation as a whole is resolved to make whatever sacrifices are necessary to maintain the position it once more holds in Europe is plain from the general goodwill in which M. Poincaré is held, and from the visible desire to invest the office he holds with powers which his predecessors have allowed to lie unused. Nor is the special significance of this visit confined to the President's personality. The circumstances in which he paid it give it an equal title to distinction. The Triple Entente, in which our good relations with our nearest neighbor are at this moment so conspicuous an element, has recently given striking evidence of its value as a factor in the European peace. It is one of the merits which go some way to redeem the many sins of the present Government that at a very critical moment they intervened to proclaim their determination to make the Triple Entente the cornerstone of their foreign policy. We do not believe that there had ever been

any reason to doubt this. But the incident at Agadir had given birth to some suspicions that Great Britain was growing careless of the great interests which the Entente exists to maintain. That suspicion was completely dispelled by a certain speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and since 1911 no one has questioned the determination of Great Britain to make common cause with France and Russia in guarding Europe against the calamity of a great war. This is one of the things which give M. Poincaré's visit to England an importance beyond those of M. Loubet or M. Fallières. Another is that the value of the Triple Entente has been confirmed in a very remarkable way by the recent conflict in the Balkans. We do not underrate the part that Germany has played in limiting the area of the war. But without the Entente the Powers might have found it even more difficult than it has actually been to protect the interests threatened by the fall of the Ottoman Empire in Europe and the rise of a new power in the Balkans without an appeal to arms. M. Poincaré came among us, therefore, at a most opportune moment. The strength of the Triple Entente has been tested afresh, and its value to Europe, and not merely to its own members, has been established with singular clearness.

There is yet a third reason why the President of the French Republic should be specially welcomed in Eng-



land at this time. One of the strangest characteristics of the Liberal Party at present is the indifference, if not positive hostility, which some of them display to the great instrument of European peace. To all appearance a certain section of them would view with real satisfaction a decided coolness in our attitude towards France and Russia if it were accompanied by a corresponding change in our attitude towards Germany. How they explain this feeling to themselves we are unable to conceive. They must have forgotten—it is true they are mostly young men—the constant irritation which marked our relations with France and Russia before the understandings arrived at with both countries. For nearly a decade there has been tranquillity—external tranquillity—in India and in Egypt. The opponents, or, if they like the title better, the critics, of the Triple Entente would seemingly prefer to have back the constant alarms on the Afghan frontier and constant suspicions of the relations between the Tsar and the Amir which once existed. They would be content to see France reasserting her claim to a share in the administration of Egypt and reviving the policy which so nearly brought us into conflict at Fashoda. Indeed, this is but a very imperfect description of our position if we were to retire from the Triple Entente. It is not the old unsatisfactory state of things that would be reproduced, but the old state of things embittered and worsened by the resentment naturally aroused by our wilful desertion of two honest allies. We must suppose that the politicians of whom we are speaking hope that we should be compensated for the estrangement of France and Russia by the closer friendship of Germany. It is by no means certain that Germany might not see in fresh offers to the Powers with whom we had ended

an understanding a more promising policy than would be found in a separate understanding with England. But putting this possibility aside, what would be the value to England of an alliance with Germany? Its value to Germany would be plain enough. It would lie in our co-operation with her in the development of that future on the sea which the Emperor has so often proclaimed as the main object of German ambition. If there be any Englishmen who hope that our part in such an arrangement would be to reduce our naval expenditure and contentedly watch the growth of the German fleet, they have curiously mistaken the reasons which ordinarily lead to the conclusion of treaties between great Powers. Germany would work on Bismarck's old principle of *do ut des*, and we should probably be told that since very little is to be expected from us in the way of military aid we must be prepared to relieve Germany of some part of her naval estimates. The command of the British fleet would enable our ally to make for a time a very convenient diversion of expenditure from her sea to her land forces. It may be said, by way of reply, that the Triple Entente has also its burdens. But there is this great difference between what we are liable to now and what we should be liable to if we listened to some of our advisers and retired from the Triple Entente. As things are, all that we have to bear is borne for the single end of keeping the peace. It is as certain as anything in human affairs can be that so long as England, France, and Russia adhere to their present policy of joint action for this common purpose that purpose will be assured. It will not be assured without cost—what great purpose is? But the cost of the naval and military preparations needed for the maintenance of peace is infinitely less than the losses which

would be entailed upon every member of the Triple Entente by even a seven days' war.

If any guarantee were needed for the pacific character of the policy of which Sir Edward Grey is the successful embodiment, it would be found in the common interest which all the three Powers have in the limitation of the Entente to this, its original and permanent object. There is no need to establish this in the case of Great Britain. The greatest commercial nation of the world has more to lose by war than any other of the Great Powers. The imports that are required to keep her population employed, and the food that is required to keep it alive, come for the most part from abroad, and the first sound of war in Europe would put these supplies in jeopardy. That this can only be avoided by never-ceasing precautions against war is quite true. But the difference in cost between precautions against war and reparations after war may be the difference between keeping a navy up to the mark and creating an entirely new navy. The days when "splendid isolation" could be preached with any chance of getting a hearing are over. The spectacle of a Europe in arms is not calculated to make Great Britain live contentedly without allies. The needs of Russia point to a similar conclusion. The war with Japan has imposed upon

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her the building of a navy and the reorganization of an army. Neither process can be the work of a moment, and while both are in progress the one aim of her statesmen must be to obtain a breathing time in which the recovery of her strength may go on unhindered. France, happily for herself, is better off in the way of preparation to meet possible attack than either Great Britain or Russia. But before she can meet the world as a perfectly united nation she has much to regain and something to undo, and for such a healing process as this warfare does not supply a beneficent atmosphere. There is nothing, therefore, that can offer any inducement to any of the Powers to withdraw from the Triple Entente. The interests of every one of them are best served by its continuance, because they are best served by the attainment of the object for which it exists. What better justification than this can be desired for the warmth of M. Poincaré's reception among us? The popular instinct sees in him a guarantee for that European tranquillity which we all desire, though we do not all seem to understand how it can best be secured. The visit of M. Poincaré and the promptitude with which he paid it are welcome testimonies to the existence on both sides of the Channel of a desire for peace which is at once genuine and effective.

### "JAPAN AMONG THE NATIONS."

*To the Editor of The Times:*

Sir,—The three weeks or more of time involved makes it a far cry to criticize from this side of the Atlantic an argument in an English daily, but the communication of Sir Valentine Chirol in your issue of May 19, "Japan Among the Nations: The Bar

of Race,"<sup>1</sup> is of such importance to the American world—in Canada no less than in the United States—and also of such enduring interest to the whole community of European civilization, because affecting the political conditions of territories to which their emi-

<sup>1</sup> *The Living Age*, June 28, 1913.

grant population may wish to resort, that it seems expedient to attempt some comment, even though inevitably retarded.

The question discussed by Sir Valentine is based by him upon the Allen Land Bill recently passed by the California Legislature. Upon that particular measure I have no comment to make; it is in fitter hands than mine. It is to "the ultimate issue involved," as construed by Sir Valentine, that I direct my remarks. "The ultimate issue involved," he writes, "is whether Japan, who has made good her title to be treated on a footing of complete equality as one of the Great Powers of the world, is not also entitled to rank among the civilized nations whose citizens the American Republic is ready to welcome, subject to a few well-defined exceptions, within its fold whenever they are prepared to transfer their allegiance to it." In brief, this means, I apprehend, whether the attainment by Japan of the position of a Great Power entitles her to claim for her citizens free immigration into the territories of any other Great Power, with accompanying naturalization.

While Sir Valentine does not give a decisive reply to this question, the whole tone of his paper implies an affirmative. In my own appreciation there is no necessary connection between a nation's status as a Great Power and her right to receive for her people the privileges of immigration and naturalization in the territory of another State; and the reasonings adduced in support of the proposition seem to me defective, both in some of their assertions and still more in ignoring certain conspicuous facts.

Primary among these facts is that of the popular will, upon which, in the fundamental conceptions of both British and American government, the policy of a nation must rest. Be the

causes what they may—economical, industrial, social, racial, or all four; and if there be any other motives—the will of the people is the law of the Government. So far as that will has been expressed in America and in Canada it is distinctly contrary to the concession of such immigration. With the question of immigration that of naturalization is inextricably involved. There cannot be naturalization without immigration; while immigration without concession of naturalization, though conceivable and possible, is contrary to the genius of American institutions, which, as a general proposition, do not favor inhabitancy without right to citizenship.

Another tacit assumption is that changes of governmental methods change also natural characteristics, to such an extent as to affect radically those qualities which make for beneficial citizenship in a foreign country. Stated concretely, this means that the adoption of Western methods by Japan has in two generations so changed the Japanese racial characteristics as to make them readily assimilable with Europeans, so as to be easily absorbed. This the Japanese in their just pride of race would be the first to deny. It ignores also the whole background of European history, and the fact that European civilization (which includes America) grew up for untold centuries under influences of which Eastern Asia—including therein Japan—experienced nothing. The "Foundations of the Twentieth Century" are not only a succession of facts, or combination of factors. They are to be found chiefly in the moulding of character, national and individual, through sixty-odd generations.

It is, I conceive, this deep impress of prolonged common experience which constitutes the possibility of assimilation, even among the unhappy, poverty-stricken mass often coming to us,

which Sir Valentine stigmatizes as "ignorant and squalid." Undoubtedly they constitute a problem, but one with which the immense assimilative force of English institutions, especially when Americanized, has been able so far to deal successfully, and I believe will continue able. But there are those who greatly doubt whether, in view of the very different foundations of the Japanese 20th century, and of the recognized strength and tenacity of character of the Japanese people emphasized by strong racial marks, they could be so assimilated. We who so think—I am one—cordially recognize the great progresses of Japan and admire her achievements of the past half-century, both civil and military; but we do not perceive in them the promise of ready adaptability to the spirit of our own institutions which would render naturalization expedient; and immigration, as I have said, with us implies naturalization. Whatever our doubts as to the effect upon national welfare of the presence of an unassimilable multitude of naturalized aliens, the presence of a like number of unnaturalized foreigners of the same type would be even worse.

The question is fundamentally that of assimilation, though it is idle to ignore that clear superficial evidences of difference, which inevitably *sautent aux yeux*, due to marked racial types, do exasperate the difficulty. Personally, I entirely reject any assumption or belief that my race is superior to the Chinese, or to the Japanese. My own suits me better, probably because I am used to it; but I wholly disclaim, as unworthy of myself and of them, any thought of superiority. But with equal clearness I see and avow the difficulties of assimilation due to the formative influences of divergent pasts and to race. What the racial difficulty entails, even where the past has been one of close contact and common ex-

periences, let the present Austrian Empire testify; and Britons, too, may look to the French in Canada and to the Boers in South Africa, though these latter are of the same general Teuton stock.

Let me say here that Sir Valentine is mistaken in the statement that the United States "within living memory waged the greatest civil war of modern times in order to establish the claim of American negroes to equal rights of citizenship with the white population." With the statement falls necessarily his inference from it, that "a color bar cannot be logically pleaded as prohibitive." The United States did not wage the War of Secession even for the abolition of slavery, still less for equal rights of citizenship. Goldwin Smith, as a contemporary, held against us that the war, not being for abolition, was one of conquest. Lincoln said distinctly:—"I will restore the Union with slavery or without slavery, as best can be." Myself a contemporary and partaker, I can affirm this as a general tone, though there was a strong minority of abolition sentiment. The abolition proclamation came eighteen months after the war began, and purely as a measure of policy. The full rights of citizenship came after the war ended, as a party political measure, though doubtless with this mingled much purely humanitarian feeling. Concerning this legislation a very acute American thinker, himself in the war, said to me within the past two years, "The great mistake of the men of that day was the unconscious assumption that the negro was a white man, with the accident of a black skin." That is, the question was not one of color, but of assimilation as involved in race character. Now, while recognizing what I clearly see to be the great superiority of the Japanese, as of the white over the negro, it appears to me reasonable

that a great number of my fellow-citizens, knowing the problem we have in the colored race among us, should dread the introduction of what they believe will constitute another race problem; and one much more difficult, because the virile qualities of the Japanese will still more successfully withstand assimilation, constituting a homogeneous foreign mass, naturally acting together irrespective of the national welfare, and so will be a perennial cause of friction with Japan, even more dangerous than at present.

Sir Valentine poses the question, "Must the bar of race be permanent? Is her Asiatic descent permanently to disqualify Japan for the enjoyment of the full rights freely accorded to one another by the great nations, into whose comity she has already gained entrance on a footing of complete political equality?" The reply to this is that "permanent" is a word so foreign to diplomatic experience that it means nothing. No statesman can look so very far ahead as "permanent" stretches. Each generation must settle its own problem, day by day, step by step.

As a conclusion to so much dissent, may I express my full accordance with the admiration which the long experience of Sir Valentine Chirol has brought him to feel for Japan? I myself in early life was in Japan for more than a year at the time of the revolution which immediately preceded the era of the Meiji. I saw much, though superficially, of the old Japan then on the point of passing away. I had experience of the charming

*The Times.*

geniality and courtesy of her people, which has endeared them to my recollection, and has been confirmed over and over again by the social occasions in which I have met repeatedly their military officers, diplomats, or private gentlemen. In the forty years that have elapsed I have followed their progress with sympathy and gladness, and with all admiration; which has been shared, I believe, by men of science and of politics in all nations, but which in men of the military professions must be peculiarly keen. Should these words fall under the eyes of any Japanese, I trust he will accept these sincere assurances, and will himself sympathize, as far as may be, with the difficulties of the United States in the particular instance. It is not a color question, though that may emphasize the difficulty. It is the recurrent problem which confronts Germany in Poland, Austria in her Slav provinces, Canada in her French population, South Africa in the Boers. Despite gigantic success up to the present in assimilative processes—due to English institutions inherited and Americanized, and to the prevalence among the children of our community of the common English tongue over all other idioms—America doubts her power to digest and assimilate the strong national and racial characteristics which distinguish the Japanese, which are the secret of much of their success, and which, if I am not mistaken, would constitute them continually a solid homogeneous body, essentially and unchangingly foreign.

*A. T. Mahan.*

Quogue, New York.



## MORALITY AND THE CHILD.

In attempting to explain and enforce a moral code, the first and most essential need is to formulate definitely to one's self the code which one proposes to enforce and to explain. There is nothing from which children, and subject human beings generally, suffer so much as the incoherence of the thought of those in authority over them. Before you can begin to lay down the law you must know what that law is; and your heart, soul and spirit must not only know it, but approve it, before you can gain a willing obedience to it from those on whom you wish it to be imposed. By this, I do not mean only that we ought to make up our minds whether this, that or the other isolated act is right or wrong, but that we ought to have a clear perception and knowledge of the things that are right and the things that are wrong, and have a standard which we can apply to any new action brought under our notice, so that, measuring the new act by our old standard, we shall be able to say, with some sort of rough accuracy, "This is wrong," or "This is right."

And the standard of expediency is not a good one, for this purpose; nor is the standard of custom; nor yet the standard of gentility nor the standard of success in life. Children are not good judges of expediency, and the law of mere custom will not be strong enough to blind them when desire calls with enchanting voice to forbidden things. Gentility and the gospel of getting on will leave them cold. You may at first deal merely with a succession of unrelated particulars saying, "This is right," "This is wrong," beating down the children's questionings by your mere *ipse dixit*, but a time will come when it will not be enough, in answer to their "Why is

it wrong?" "Why is it right?" to answer, "Because I say so." The child will want some other standard which he himself can apply, and, in order that you may clearly set before the child your own moral standard, you must first have set it very clearly before yourself. It is not enough to say, "Theft is wrong," "Lying is wrong," "Greediness is wrong." If you feel that these things are wrong because they are contrary to the will of God, you will not find that that explanation is sufficient for a child unless he knows very much more about God than His name, and certain miraculous and incomprehensible attributes of Him. The child will want to know what is the will of God, to which these wrong things are contrary. And he will want very much to know the definite right, as well as the definite wrong. You will have to give the child a standard that can be applied to positives as well as to negatives. There is a very simple rule by which to measure the actions of children—and, much more severely, our own actions. It is set up in the words of Christ: "Do unto others as ye would that men should do unto you,"—a standard so simple that quite little children can understand and apply it, a standard so severe that, were it understood and applied by us who are no longer children, the warped tangled rotten web we call civilization could not endure for a day. There is no other standard by which a child can judge its own actions, and yours, and judge them justly.

And this standard will give you the only vital code of morality, because it compels the continual exercise of imagination, the continual preening and flight of the wings of the soul. You cannot order your life by that

divine precept without a hundred times a day asking yourself, "How should I like that, if I were not myself?" without continually putting yourself, imaginatively, in someone else's place. And when the child asks, "Why is it wrong to steal?" you can lead him to see how little he would like to have his own possessions stolen. When asked, "Why is it wrong to lie?" you may teach him to imagine his own bitterness if others should deceive him. It is, of course, much easier to say, "It is wrong because I say so,"—but if you want to mark it right or wrong—to grave it deeply and ineffaceably on the tables of the heart and the soul, teach the child to see for himself *how* things are right and wrong—and to judge of them by that one divine and unfailing rule.

Of course, even when the child knows what is right he will not always do it, any more than you do: and one of the questions to be considered, is how you shall deal with those lapses from moral rectitude of which he, no less than you, will often be guilty. Punishments, the old savage punishments, were revenge, and nothing but revenge, a desire to "pay out" the offender, to take an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. More humane and reasonable legislators have sought to prove that punishment is curative—that the fear of punishment will deter people from doing wrong. A distinguished official of the Home Office gave it as his opinion only the other day, that punishment, no matter how severe, will not act as a deterrent, if there be ever so slight a chance of the criminal's escaping it. What would deter would be the *certainly* of punishment, however slight. Now since you are not omniscient you cannot pretend to your child that if he does wrong, you are certain to know and to punish him: if you are silly enough to pretend it he will find you out quite soon,

and estimate your lie at its true blackness. You can, however, without any pretence, assure him that if he does wrong he himself will know it, that it will make him feel dirty, and nasty, and miserable, till he is able to wash himself in the waters of repentance and forgiveness: that if he acts meanly and dirtily he will feel mean and dirty, and if he acts bravely and cleanly he will feel brave and clean. And he will find that what you say is true. But not unless you shall have succeeded in convincing him that it is a true standard, and that the things which that standard shows to be wrong are wrong indeed. Here is the highest work of the imagination; teach the child so to put himself in the place of the one he has wronged, that the knowledge of that wrong shall be its own punishment.

No one desires, of course, that a child should be always feeling his own moral pulse; if he has learned that there is a right and a wrong way, he will not be always bothering about which way he may be living—it will be only when something goes amiss that he will stop and consider. Just as one does not stop to think whether one is breathing properly; only when one chokes, one knows that one isn't.

Punishment, however, should not be confused with the consequences of action, and I think it is not Jesuitical to suggest that, with very small children, such consequences may well be a little exaggerated, so as to point the moral. I mean that one may honorably apply, to the small wrong-doings of childhood, the *sort* of consequences—proportioned, of course, to the wrong-doing—which would result from such wrong-doing, on a larger scale, by a grown-up person. It will be exceedingly troublesome and painful for you, but perhaps its painfulness to you may be the measure of its value to the child. For instance,

Tommy steals a penny, knowing that to steal pennies is wrong. He is very little, and a penny is very little, and your impulse, if not to slap him, might be to tell him that he is a very naughty boy and have done with it. It will go to your heart to bring home to him quietly and inexorably the consequences of theft, especially as you cannot do it in the first urgent rush of your moral condemnation; but if, next time you are about to send him to the shop for something, you say, "No, I can't send you because you might steal my pennies as you did the other day," this will be hateful for you to do, but

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it will show him more plainly than anything else what happens to people who steal. They are not trusted. And the same with lies. Show him that those who tell lies are not believed.

But, remembering how it felt to be a child, have pity, and do not teach him these lessons when anyone else is there. Let the humiliation of them be a secret between you two alone. Only when a wrong has been done which demands a restitution or an *amende* should the soul of the child, shamed with wrong-doing, be exposed to alien eyes.

E. Nesbit.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To tell a pretty story of a blind girl and her devoted mother, to intertwine it with the happy closing chapters of the mother's romance, and to make the combination an indirect description of the new South and a tribute to its energetic women is an ambitious undertaking, but Mrs. Isla May Mullins's "The Blossom Shop" shows that it is quite within her powers. To direct the narrative so that it naturally culminates in the recovery of the sweet little girl's eyesight, and in three weddings seems easy to her, but, as "Easy reading means hard writing" is a perfectly veracious saying, much toil must have been expended upon the brief story to bring it to its actual excellence. It is prettily illustrated with four pictures by Mr. John Goss. L. C. Page & Co.

Blind indeed are the man and woman for whom Mr. H. H. Bashford seems to demand the reader's tenderness in the title of his "Pity the Poor Blind," thereby puzzling him in various ways un-

til he is close upon the last page. The man, a curate of High Church proclivities, and a perfect magnet for comic adventures, becomes uncertain in his faith, and falls in love with a hard-riding scion of a family devoted to racing; and the girl deliberately sins, and comes to confess to him as a clergyman, and to inquire where she can find God, a little matter that begins to interest her after she has decided to marry her fellow-sinner, some equestrian feats, undertaken partly in the hope of killing herself, having most vexatiously proved ineffectual. Matters are a little complicated by the lady's saving the curate's life, and by the curate's discovery that while he has been ransacking ritualistic manuals to find a way to array himself on the side of his Maker, he has been neglecting a plain duty, which would have guided him thither, but Mr. Bashford is quite capable of leading him into the right path. One hardly expects the man's problem in exegesis, and the woman's attempt to account for the workings of Providence to be solved as

simply and directly as they are in the story, but it would be no kindness to anybody concerned to reveal the solution and catastrophe, especially as the book is not too big to be read in a few hours. It will horrify not a few by its calm presentation of a young lady who swears as easily as any old sailor, or veteran stage driver, but such, according to the British journalist, is just now the speech of certain young persons enrolled in the baronetage of England. Mr. Bashford makes the creature successively farcical and tragic, and not in the least like a caricature, and a good piece of literary work is the result. Edifying? No, it is a novel, not a homily. Henry Holt & Co.

Berlin is the scene of Mr. William Wriothlesley's "The Ambassadors," and the great truths that a man should marry a fortune and that a girl should marry a title, and that, once married, neither girl nor man needs to worry about any of the obligations mentioned in the prayer-book are the principles as to which girls and men, maid and matron, discourse with frigid, cynical unanimity. The Ambassador herself is more concerned about a man whom she loved before her marriage, than about her little son, but her step-daughter, having been thrown aside by the same man, quietly asks to be informed why a husband should be "a mere mustard-plaster, a kind of remedy for all manner of evil." "You should have taught me a trade," she instructs her stepmother; "I think something will surely turn up in which I can be useful." The "something" is provided by a motor-car which runs over her little half-brother, as he races about the Berlin roadways on roller-skates, and fractures most of his bones, while his mother is arranging the affairs of Europe. Too late, his mother feels that she has lost the em-

pire of the greatest consequence to her, and her step-daughter sees that her desired vocation is to make her half-brother happy. Mr. Wriothlesley does not preach; he leaves other ambassadors and other dowerless girls to interpret him, contenting himself with showing how these two worked out their destiny, and constructs a story abounding in spirited, intelligent talk, contrasting well with the enormously conceited utterances of a German prince seeking a purchaser for his title and name. The book is not cheerful, but it is never bitter, and never undignified. Mr. Henry James's "The Ambassador" has a worthy counterpart in "The Ambassador." George H. Doran Company.

M. Edouard Le Roy's "The New Philosophy of Henri Bergson" so abounds in enthusiasm that it fairly sweeps a sympathetic reader from his moorings and speeds him on his course towards acceptance of the theory of the simple unity of productive intuition with a pleasing violence. It is by "considering this philosophy as a living act, not as a rather clever discourse, by examining the peculiar excellence of its soul, rather than the formation of its body, that the inquirer will succeed in understanding it," says M. Le Roy. To a cold-blooded person such an injunction seems to demand unconditional acceptance of the philosophy in question, and in the two chapters of his "General View" M. Le Roy falls little short of commanding it. Small wonder that M. Bergson found deep sympathy of thought in them, when they appeared as articles in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* but in commending them he went still further, and attributed to M. Le Roy the power of rethinking the subject in a personal and original manner and declared himself willing to accept his critic's views as

to the possibilities of further developments of the doctrine. To this "General View," M. Le Roy has now appended eight chapters of "Additional Explanations," and gives as the basic thought of his whole study, "M. Bergson's philosophy is a philosophy of duration." It gives positive metaphysics, the metaphysics of experience, the supreme place. M. Bergson rejects doctrines confining themselves to personifying the unity of nature, or the unity of knowledge in God as motionless first cause. He accepts the idea of a free and creating God, producing matter and life at once, and continuing creative effort in a vital direction by the evolution of species and the construction of human personalities. Of morality, he says nothing and will, in M. Le Roy's opinion, say nothing, until his method shall lead him to results as positive as those of his works already published; he is waiting and searching. "I seek vainly," says M. Le Roy, "for the decree forbidding him the right to study the problem of biological evolution in itself and for the necessity which compels him to abide now by the premises contained in his past work. Life has more than one order, action more than one plane, duration more than one rhythm, existence more than one perspective. Life, both in its first tendency and in its general direction, is ascent, growth, spiritualizing and emancipating creation. No doctrine is more open, none lends itself better to further extension. M. Le Roy does not find it part of his duty to state what may be extracted from it or to foresee what M. Bergson's conclusions will be. "Let us confine ourselves." he says, "to taking in what it [this doctrine] has expressly given us of itself." Whether one accept M. Bergson's philosophy or not, it is impossible not to admire the spirit in which M. Le Roy writes of it and of its author. The volume is deeply in-

teresting and bristles with suggestions. Henry Holt & Co.

The theme of Mr. Edwin Davies Schoonmaker's drama, "The Americans," is the present conflict between manual workers and their employers. The chief actor is J. Donald Egerton, a "lumber-king" and mill-owner, who, having built a mansion wherein to dwell at ease, discovers too late that its very walls and stairs audibly reveal the business methods by which his fortune was gathered, and that the whole structure is a horror to his wife, and to his son, Harry. Harry, murderously assaulted by a workman on the erroneous suspicion of being in league with his father, dies in a pitiable delirium, and the capitalist, in the presence of his dead son's body, orders the arrest of a leading worker, who is carried off by detectives, leaving J. Donald Egerton to sneer, "We'll see, my man, how you'll shake down the pillars of this land!" A few minutes later, a wounded militiaman breaks down the door, staggers in with Harry Egerton's will giving the workmen a mill of their own, and falls dead, with his last breath blowing a bugle blast to summon the militia. A secondary plot exposes the ways by which the mill-owner's timber interests are used to serve his mill interest, inasmuch as he strips the country of its forests, regardless alike of the farmer and of the worker. The Governor of the State, the Bishop of the Diocese, the Commander of the State Militia and the Chief of Police participate in the drama, all as more or less subservient to Egerton, but a figure "with the tender, bearded face of the Christ" appears to the dying Harry, and holds out both hands to him. Presented on the stage, the drama would about equally vex the workman and his employer, because it shows the best and the worst of both of them. Mitchell Kennerly, publisher.